The Bystander, November 10, 1915.—No. 623. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

FLYING PEACE KITES

THE KAISER (to Von Bülow): "Strafe the thing! It doesn't seem to rise at all"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE.
Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale."

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
ADELINE GENÉE in Ballet "THE DANCER'S ADVENTURE," DION BOUCICAULT and GLADYS COOPER in "HALF-AN-HOUR," by J. M. BARRIE, YVETTE GUILBERT, FLORENCE SMITHSON, WILL EVANS. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
New Production, "PUSH AND GO!" including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAINE, EDNA MORGAN, HARRY TATE, CHAS. BERKELEY, JAMIESON DODDS, Etc. Tel. Ger. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET.
CHARLES GULLIVER—Managing Director.
The best entertainment at the most comfortable Theatre in London.
Two Performances Daily, 6 and 9.
Matinée, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s. and £1 1s.
"MERRY MOMENTS," MISS CLARICE MAYNE & "THAT," GEORGE ROBEY, THE POLUSKI BROS., MR. CHAS. MOTT, FRANK VAN HOVEN.

ADELPHI, STRAND. "TINA." A New Musical Play.
Every Evening, at 8 Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.
GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8886 Gerrard.

DALY'S. George Edwardes Production, "BETTY."
EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.
Winifred Barnes, Mary Ridley, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frece, Roy Royston, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne, Tom Walls.

ST. JAMES'S. "THE BIG DRUM,"
A New Comedy by ARTHUR PINERO.
Matinées, Daily 2.30. Evenings, Saturdays only, at 8.15.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IRENE VANBRUGH.
ALLAN AYNESWORTH. LEONARD BOYNE.

THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND

SUPPORTS

AMBULANCE CARS at the Front.
RECREATION HUTS in British Camps at home and abroad.
RECREATION ROOMS for Sailors' and Soldiers' Wives in Garrison Towns.
WAR HOSPITAL in North France for Allied Wounded.
SEVERAL OTHER BRANCHES of War Work.

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE.

Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.

Australian Tickets of P & O and Oriental Lines are also interchangeable.

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

P & O Round-the-World Tours.

Handbook on Application.

COMFORT IN FRANCE. REALLY MODERATE CHARGES.

PAU. Hotel Continental. 100 Rooms.
POITIERS. Grand Hotel Du Palais. 70 Rooms.
NANTES. Central Hotel. 150 Rooms.

The above three hotels are newly built and offer every modern comfort and convenience. Lifts, Baths (Hot and Cold), Electric Light, Best Cuisine, Perfect Sanitation.

LLANDUDNO.

CRAIGSIDE HYDRO

AN IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
Russian, Turkish and Sea-water Baths.
COVERED TENNIS COURT.
Golf Links near.

Motor 'Bus meets trains. R. E. MUNRO, Manager.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps

Popularly known as "THE DEVIL'S OWN."

TO THOSE DESIROUS OF OBTAINING COMMISSIONS—

The above Corps recruits Officers for the Army. Public School, University, and men with some experience of riding and out-of-door life specially eligible. Usual Army rates of pay, and uniform provided while training.

APPLY DEPOT: 10, STONE BUILDINGS, LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON, E.C.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

NO PEACE TREATY!

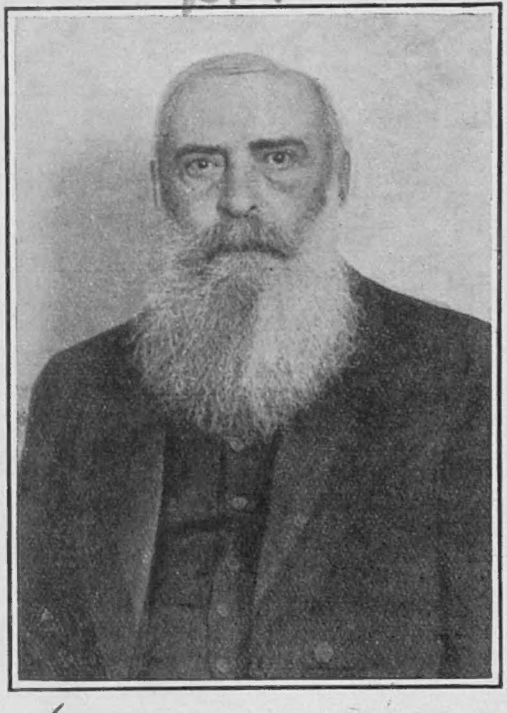
What's in the Wind?

IN March last we published a pure fantasy, entitled "The Peace That Came in the Night." Readers may remember that this brochure represented peace as coming like a bolt from the blue, and the Prime Minister as announcing that there were "no terms." I sent this along to Mr. Asquith, and received a note in acknowledgment, saying that the sketch had been duly noticed by the Prime Minister. Has he waited six months and seen that a true word lurked in that particular jest? One wonders. Certain alleged movements of diplomatists in various neutral capitals give colour to the suspicion that "something is doing." Without expressing any opinion one way or another on whether peace ought to be concluded at present, or, indeed, at any time at all, with such an enemy as the German, it seems pretty obvious that when it *is* settled it must needs be to some extent, as the saying goes, behind the back of the public.

***

The Importance of Secrecy

If agreements have to be come to between -- let me see, how many are there at war?—twelve Governments, individually and collectively, such negotiations could never be conducted in the full light of publicity, with rival Presses and stump orators screaming and shrieking at each other at the tops of their voices. About a hundred times the depth of secrecy will have to be preserved during peace negotiations as has been during the operations of war. Secrecy might in itself not be sufficiently secret, for directly even the suspicion of a hush in the war is noticed the air will be thick with gossip and rumour, and the Press with threats and recriminations. The negotiators will have to disguise their secrecy, and the moment when peace is nearest will probably be that at which war is noisiest. The actual moment of the signature of the Treaty—if a Treaty is signed—will probably be marked by furious bombardments by land, and sea, and air, and frightfulness rampant.



THIS WEEK'S GREEK PREMIER

M. Skouloudis, the latest selection of King Constantine for the post of Peace-Premier-at-any-price. Whether he will receive a vote of confidence in the Chamber is not yet decided

***

A Brain-Wave

But this assumes that a Peace Treaty will be signed at all, which is the very hypothesis THE BYSTANDER rejected in its prophecy of the Spring. Why should Peace not take a leaf out of the book of War, and break upon the world suddenly, announcing itself in just the same few blunt words as are contained in a war proclamation? Why should Peace be not just *declared*, and posted up at the Mansion House, without Treaty signed?

***

Treaties Being "off"—

Chancellor Hollweg set the German seal of eternal discredit on Treaties when he used the phrase "a scrap of paper." What democracy in the world will, after that, regard any document signed by those responsible for the present war as of the slightest value? If such a document deprives Germany, or any other country for that matter, of anything she considers herself vitally entitled to, will it not be torn up at the earliest opportunity? Will not the aggrieved Power do just as Bulgaria has done — wait and work for the psychological moment of revenge? Were we, our honest and blameless selves, for instance, compelled to cede a British possession against our will and our pride, would we not, almost to a man, set our brains to work planning to recapture it? I will wager Britain to be still British enough to do that.

***

—Why Not Do Without One?

As no Treaty that can be signed between these twelve Powers can, by any means, natural or supernatural, be acceptable to all, or, perhaps, even to any of them, and as even the best of Treaties is only likely to be the prelude to future wars and warlike preparations, why not abandon the whole idea of a Treaty and end the war without one?

(*Continued on page 210*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 209)

A Conference? Yes—

But Peace, you may say, implies a cessation of hostilities, and that could only be done by agreements between the Powers at war. Also, you will say, and very rightly, no Peace could possibly be agreed to that did not imply the retirement of the invading German armies to within their own borders. You will, no doubt, go further, and say that guarantees, indemnities, and such things must be secured, even if you do not go to the rather fatuous extent of demanding the occupation of enemy territory and the deposition of the enemy dynasties. Even the mildest of Peace agreements involves the German evacuation of France, Belgium, Poland, Serbia, etc., etc., and the doing of these things implies some Conference somewhere, and the signature of some Treaty.

***

—But a Treaty?—

I admit the Conference, but I dare to deny the need for the Treaty. If whoever is negotiating for Germany—it is said to be Prince Bülow—meets Allied delegates at Berne, or Madrid, need anything more be done, if they agree to Peace, than for their Kings to issue orders to the Commanders-in-Chief of all the armies to cease fighting simultaneously at a given hour? You would need no "scrap of paper" for that. The Commanders-in-Chief would receive their instructions by Royal word of mouth, and act upon them. The war would then have ceased. The delegates at Berne would then agree that, on a certain date, the armies of those Powers which occupied the territories of other Powers should withdraw to within their own boundaries. The war would then be over, and no Treaty signed.

"HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT"
After the well-known painting by Millais "The Huguenots"

***

—Cui Bono?

Yes, but ——? Well, yes, but what? Oh, the guarantees, the indemnities, and so on and so forth. My dear friend, directly you talk of indemnities, guarantees, and such things, you imply that "scrap of paper." If Germany is to pay milliards of marks to France, Russia, Britain, or anybody else, you have to take her bond, for she does not possess the needful gold, and her bond has no more value than her word.

***

The Better Way

You enter into an agreement with a Power that boasts that it does not keep its promises. Were it not better to have no truck with her whatsoever, even if to do that you have to forego the payment of a sum of money? A thousand million pounds is a good enough thing. But I am inclined to think Britain would be richer without it, if it implied entering into a Treaty with a Treaty-breaker. After all, the future of the world is a more precious thing than even a sum of money, especially in view of the fact that the division of the spoils would probably cause bickerings between the Allies and thus lay the foundations of future struggles, and give the Huns their chance to fish in troubled waters. To those who desire to annex German territories I have nothing particular to say. Believing this war to be fought for the principle of nationality, I see no logic in depriving Germans of lands that are theirs, which the Allies could only hold by force, and against the wishes of their populations.

***

The Surest Guarantee

As to guarantees. You will ask what guarantee the world will have that Germany will not again attack the lands she now evacuates? But what is a guarantee but a scrap of paper? It is admitted that no pledge, verbal or written, from Germany is of value. Why, then, talk of guarantees? It is established that if you want war, you can always provoke it, Treaty or no Treaty. Is not the best guarantee against a German renewal of the war the fact that there is probably not a living German who is likely ever again to *want* war within our generation? Has Germany not suffered the loss of the cream of her youth, the whole of her export trade, her reputation, her honour? Is not militarism discredited as a means of advancing the cause of kultur?

***

Something to Meditate Upon

Can we not leave Germany and the Germans to the horrors of meditation, in the fond belief that they, as a philosophic nation, will, sooner or later, fall into line with the rest of the world, agree that war is an unmitigated curse, and seek to co-operate with the rest in making it for ever impossible?

***

Let the Peoples Decide

I am not vain enough to believe I have really made out a case for "No Peace Treaty," but if I have succeeded in merely suggesting the idea for discussion, satisfaction is mine. What one would like to do is to prepare the public mind for the simple fact that, on a certain day, it will be announced that the carnage

MR. ASQUITH'S SPEECH

has ceased, and on a later day that the nations are free to return to their normal ways of life. The less we talk about the "terms of peace" the better for peace. The diplomats have proved that their Treaties are scraps of paper. Let the peoples decide to have done with the whole business of diplomacy, and to set to work to establish between themselves the same relations of man-to-man as exist in society and commerce.

***

The Business Man's Way

Between the Brown-Joneses of Mayfair and the Smith-Robinsons of Belgravia, or between Messrs. Brown and Jones of Eastcheap and Messrs. Smith and Robinson of Cornhill, there exists no dark and subtle system of conducting relations. Why should not similar frankness of intercourse exist between John Jacques and Ivan of London, Paris and Petrograd, and Johann of Berlin? In society and business we conduct our relations directly, man to man, woman to woman. Why should not the Prime Minister of England, if he wants to discuss anything with the German Chancellor, run over to see him or call him up on the telephone, as is the case with heads of households or businesses? Why all this ridiculous formality, this expenditure of ink, this exchange of "Notes"? Assume the British Premier is not successful in getting the German Chancellor to agree to the proposition. Why rattle the sabre and threaten to plunge a hundred millions into misery? Would not the usual social and commercial procedure be effective, as expressed in the simple formula:

"Very well, if you won't do a favour for me, I won't do a favour for you"?

***

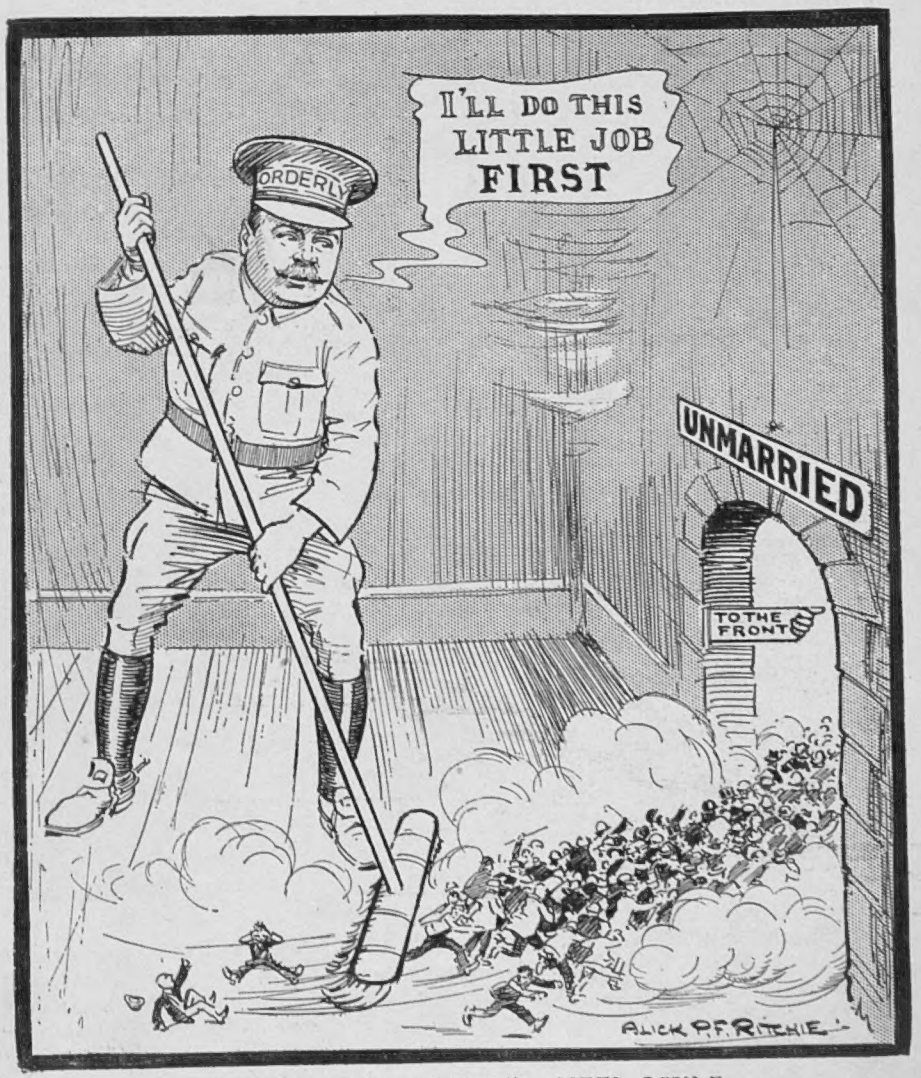
Enough of Diplomacy

There are ways by which nations can force each other to friendship which are not only civilised, but efficacious, as wars never are. If we are to dispose of war, let us dispose of the prime cause of war, which is diplomacy. Let this war end war by ending the institution that causes it.

***

"Winning the War."—An Explanation

The above legend on our front cover refers, inadvertently, to an article which we have since decided to suspend. We shall probably publish it on another occasion.



"THE DERBY SWEEP": NEW STYLE

The Kitchener Canard

THE public know pretty well, by this time, that important news cannot get into the papers, as in times of peace, without authority. When, therefore, they read, in the darkness of Friday night, the words "RESIGNATION OF LORD KITCHENER," they believed them, and they displayed their feelings accordingly.

—•••—

One newsboy, to my certain knowledge, who was selling the news on Friday night, was very nearly lynched. The public didn't like his wares, and, quite blind to justice, showed it by revenge on their innocent vendor. Elsewhere, one noticed in the darkness symptoms of unmistakable rage. One heard curses, caught the glint of angry eyes, and narrowly escaped blows from argumentative fists and demonstrative walking-sticks. It rather looked as though, if the "resignation" were a fact, Britain was on the brink of internal disorder.

—•••—

Happily, the authorities stopped the mischief in time. By Saturday morning we were all *completely* reassured—weren't we? Kitchener was not leaving the War Office at all: on the contrary, he was remaining Minister of War, but for the sake of convenience he was going for awhile to transact his duties at Salonika (or Cairo, or Bagdad). The public imagination, loving a good leap, was satisfied.

—•••—

Of course! The proper place for a British War Minister conducting a war in the Near East would be, on the approved principles of Mr. Wackford Squeers, the Near East! To help the public to grasp the significance of the journey, Monday's papers were full of interviews between our War Minister and Joffre and Briand and Gallieni. Previously, such conferences have been kept the deadest of secrets until several days later. This mission of "K.'s," however, is no end of a public affair, and what one regrets is that the authorities did not make it even more public.

—•••—

If the presence of "K." in the Near East is intended to impress the Balkan and Turkish mind, and to hearten the Allied forces on the spot, why was the whole affair not allowed a spectacular setting all through? Why could we not have given the Field-Marshal a send-off? Why could not the news of his prospective arrival in the East have been boomed forth to the world as was that of Mackensen by the Germans? Why, instead of doing the thing thoroughly, was this great event in our history, this sending out of our greatest soldier, this great campaign-manager, to the seat of the Eastern war, preceded by nothing more impressive than the publication of a rumour that he had resigned his post?

—•••—

It is all very well to blame the newspapers. But is it to be believed that any of them published the Central News and other circumstantial telegrams announcing the resignation without first submitting them to the Press Bureau, or to others in authority? To have announced such an event without taking such a course would have been to render oneself liable to immediate seizure or imprisonment. The guilty newspapers, other than the *Globe*, which did more than merely publish the report, have not been suppressed, nor have the directors of the Central News been arrested, from which one presumes that the guilty telegrams *were* passed by the Censor. The belated denial, the halting explanation, and finally the categoric announcement that "K." had not resigned, created an impression—no doubt false—that there had been trouble in the Ministerial camp, and that once again it was being clumsily hushed up. Probably Parliament will elucidate the facts some time this week. Meanwhile, the Press must regard itself as whipping-boy.

NOT A CASE OF CAUSE AND EFFECT!

On Wednesday afternoon last, Lord Kitchener inspected the City of London National Guard (a large body of Volunteers over military age) at Wellington Barracks. A day or two afterwards it was rumoured that he had tendered his resignation of the post of War Minister. The rumour has since turned out to be false, but in view of the possibility of some significance being attached to its coming so soon after the inspection, we hasten to remind our readers that his Lordship expressed his high appreciation of the appearance and apparent efficiency of the City Volunteers

The Locum Tenens

ASQUITH (remembering Leech's picture of the Chinese cook and the policeman): "ME AM KITCHEE!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *November* 8, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

DELICIOUSLY British, isn't it, not to let any old war interfere with that great traditional function, the Lord Mayor's banquet? Mayn't be exactly an epicurean affair. But it's anyway Gargantuan enough to mean a heavyish bill for some one in these days of war economy, though I suppose little things like this to the City Fathers are no more than having our hair waved or our nails done is to you or me. And you wouldn't have thought, either, that really there'd have been *time* for Ministers and people of that kind to go out heavily lunching just now, would you, though, of course, they don't always carry their work and worries about with them?

* * *

Talking of signs of the times, we're taking up a lot more room than we did in 'buses and theatres and places just now, 'cos of our full and fluffy fur coats and things. Quite Victorian, isn't it?—only Victorian in a night-clubby sort of a style, because where we're putting it on broadways we're taking it off lengthways, and in England, now, women look just like tops. Very amusin', as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, the Dardanelles lecture-man, would say.

* * *

And feminine. Which reminds me I'm afraid we'll get into trouble about that when the war's over and the Suffragetty people come to life again and get on their tubs and thump. They're always so down on the women who are just only women, aren't they, those of us, I mean, who are always forgetting about men being worms and so on, and being quite nice to them?

* * *

By the way, yet another letter from one who says he's a "far from lonely subaltern." This one shrinks visibly at the idea of the quantity of "lonely subaltern" correspondence that appears to go on these days, but all the same has often been "awfully tempted" to write to me before when he's procured a BYSTANDER at infinite pains, and contrived to read it in odd, "sometimes very odd moments in all sorts of nooks and crannies in this remote country of ours."

* * *

Obviously he's joined the mighty company of those who can't make up their minds about my sex, but seem to have hopes, anyway, that I'm a she. For at his farewell lunch before going to the front (here's good luck to him) he drank "to the painful and long-drawn-out destruction of the enemies of the King, and above all of those who contend that 'Blanche' is a man."

* * *

He lunched well, I gather, being, as he says, a bit pulpy after a morning with a couple of dug-out wash-out majors, who in the best club manner damned the War Office, the Prime Minister, the diplomatic service, the field General Staff, and the entire nation. All illustrated and interspersed with stories of the Welsh miners, the unimaginably colossal Indian rebellion, and spies—spies in camps, spies in churches, spies in clubs (*sotto voce*), spies in Parliament, spies in uniform in the stalls, and spies in not much uniform on the stage. Must have been quite a relief to him to get off to the trenches.

* * *

Talking of subs., I like the way the men talk about some of the very young ones, don't you? "Baby Mine gave me these fags," one of my woundeds told me with a huge wink the other day, and it was quite a minute before I realised that he meant the youngest of his officers.

* * *

And did I tell you the storyette of the V.A.D. nurse and the Russians? "I didn't know you had any Russian wounded here," she remarked to the sister. "We haven't." "Oh, but I asked that man over there what his name was, and he said, quite plainly, 'Popoff!'"

* * *

Another nurse who's been working in a French hospital in France has been telling me how wonderfully the French soldiers recover from their wounds. In her hospital they simply never died, she said, even when they were so badly hurt that you'd have given them up as hopeless cases if they'd been English. I wonder why that is. Some people say it is because conscription's hardened them, and there's another more domestic reason suggested too, that they're so much better nourished. French women can cook, you see.

* * *

They're sending some of the Gallipoli woundeds to Palermo for convalescence—which sounds nice, doesn't it, and ever so much more interesting than Bournemouth, say, or Buxton or Biarritz? As for me, it makes my heart ache almost even to think of it now that the November fogs have come and life's a regular round of dulness and dimness and darkness.

* * *

It's such a lovely, exquisite spot, so sun-baked and ringed around with wonderful deep blue waters and so thick with glorious orange and lemon groves,

"A soldier bluff with a little bit of fluff on a Saturday afternoon"

and high up on a high hill the wonderfullest old cathedral in the world, I think—marvellous early Norman and very vast and empty and restful.

* * *

I suppose they'll put the wounded in the big hotels—hardly do to fix them up *anywhere*. There isn't a drain in the place, as far as I could gather, and oh, the indescribable squalor and smell and filth of all the smaller streets! But nothing seems to matter, and no one's the least ashamed. The cooking's a dream, you see, and the olives like green velvet and the omelets light as snow, and *oh*, the wine. . . .

* * *

All the gold of the Sicilian sun is in it, and it's *ad lib.*, or, at least, it was where I was. Dreadful thought—woundeds mayn't drink wine, may they? But in Palermo you don't seem to *get* water, you know, even to bathe in. In that way it's like Croydon, whose war-economy, I see, is to close the baths four days in every week.

* * *

En passant, they seem to have had a bit of a rush round, those British naval experts who "did" the British navy for the British public last week—months after the Americans, of course, but that's by the way. Simply tore around in cars and picket-boats, they did, so someone tells me—hardly time to think, much less remember or see anything they hadn't seen before or that the Censor might want to keep dark. Really might as well have written their "stories" about it at home, one of them told me, but for the look of the thing, you know.

* * *

Everything's going on much the same as usual except for the awful dark darkness at night—'stonishing really, isn't it, how *little* the war really affects us? But the war and the War Cabinet are still the great topics of conversation, of course, with between-whiles chat about what depressing work recruiting is, and where all the game goes to, and who it is keeps the musical comedies and revues going—someone I know tried for a seat at three the other night and couldn't get any anywhere—and whether to go to the theatre before dinner or after.

* * *

Which last depends on the cook more often than not, seems to me, when she's not a *chef* anyway. That's just the difference between poverty and

"What a depressing work recruiting is"

affluence. The rich dine when they want to. The others when the servants want them to.

* * *

But I don't somehow think it's going to take on, anyway, this theatre-ing between tea and dinner. For one thing, few of our plays bear seeing on tea and toast—there's *such* a difference in people's mental attitudes before and after dinner, isn't there? Especially when you've had a hard day's work, even if it's only at things like knitting or stitching or even running a household.

* * *

And nowadays, when women eat and don't peck in the Victorian way, they also find they enjoy things better properly "stoked" as the vulgar have it. It's only such *very* weedy specimens now, isn't it, who "play with their food and sometimes sip their wine," as the men novelists always put it?

* * *

One thing's pretty obvious, though, that there's too much tragedy about for the mass of people to stand anything but the very lightest and frothiest sort of relaxation. Something called *A Little Bit of Fluff* is going like wild fire, so I'm told, and elsewhere Gabrielle Ray's singing of—

"A soldier bluff
With a little bit of fluff
On a Saturday afternoon"

the while she dances not in the Pavlova manner seems a fair specimen of what the public wants in war time.

* * *

Strange, isn't it, and just a little thoughtless, perhaps, and terrible? But better, I suppose, than being all such sensitive plants, as, say, Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet. He is

(Continued on page 216)

"We're taking up a lot more room than we did in 'buses now"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 215)

on the verge of despair because he can only remember "the terrible loss of so many wonderful young lives" and see "so many incarnations of physical and moral vigour, of intellect and of glorious promise, pitilessly cut off in their first flower."

* * *

To be too sad or to be too gay in war-time—I don't know which is worse. Yet it's difficult to "preserve a happy mean," isn't it? Gaiety, too much of it, anyway, jars soonest—that, I think, is certain. But sadness—I remember the soldier-man who told his wife she might come and see him off at the station if she'd promise not to cry—"We can't forget it when you cry. We think of it in the night and before the fighting. . . ."

* * *

Well, well. . . . Here's goodbye, as that most attractive person, the *prima donna* in *Romance* puts it—"May the roses bloom in your heart until I come again to pluck them."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

What They Said—Last Year!

RUSSIA'S WORST TASK OVER

ADVANCE LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE

—Headlines, DAILY MAIL, November 11, 1914.

. . . . . .

WHAT I FOUND IN HAMBURG

LINERS FOR INVASION

WAIT TILL THE SPRING COMES

'Don't think we Germans are such —— fools as to waste Zeppelins by single raids over London. We are keeping all our dirigibles for the time when our fleet, accompanied by Zeppelins, will attack the British coast simultaneously."—A Correspondent, DAILY MAIL, November 12, 1914.

. . . . . .

KAISER'S EYE STILL ON CALAIS

—BUT PREPARING FOR RETREAT

—Headlines, EVENING NEWS, November 11, 1914.

. . . . . .

MAGYAR ARISTOCRACY SAID TO HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT

"The greater part of the famous Hungarian cavalry which was sent to the north of France to help the Germans has been exterminated . . . in the neighbourhood of Lille."—A Correspondent, EVENING NEWS, November 11, 1914.

. . . . . .

"It is straining German resources to the breaking-point to continue the pretence of seeking in the west for a decision which is no longer within reasonable hope."—Leading Article, THE TIMES, November 9, 1914.

. . . . . .

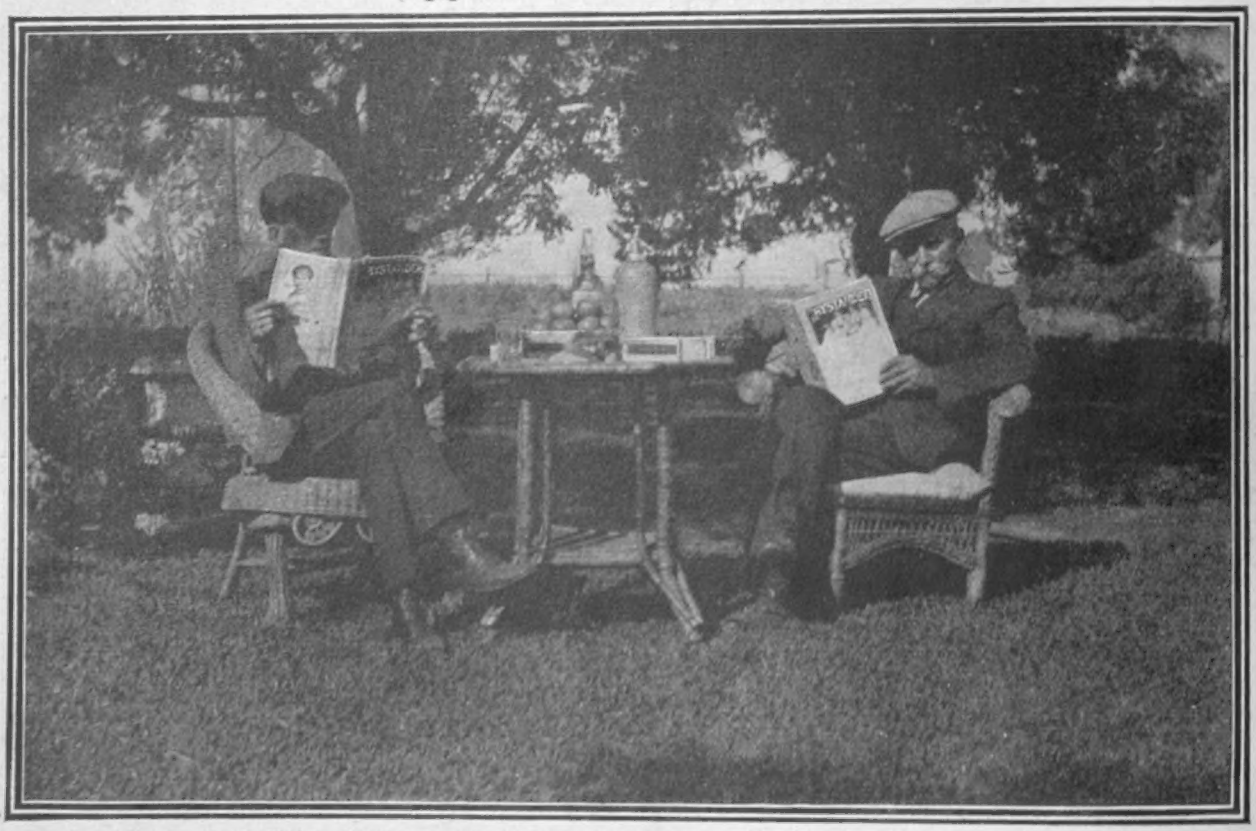
RUSSIA'S IRRESISTIBLE ADVANCE

". . . Within thirty days Germany will either have to submit to invasion . . . or withdraw substantial bodies of her best troops from the Western frontier. . . . From the captured prisoners, both Austrian and German . . . I am inclined to believe that the ENEMY ALREADY HAVE ALL THE AVAILABLE MEN IN THE FIRING LINE."—Special Correspondent, THE TIMES, November 9, 1914.

. . . . . .

"Our correspondents argue that, because the newspapers declare that everything is going well, they are largely responsible for the decline in recruiting. We may say at once . . . that WE ARE STRONGLY OF OPINION THAT THINGS ARE GOING VERY WELL INDEED."—Leading Article, THE TIMES, November 11, 1914.

"Some" Appreciation from the Antipodes



ON THE LAWN AT BUNDEMAR STATION, TRANGIE, N.S.W.

Which is about 540 miles from Sydney. The sender of this snapshot writes: "We find 'The Bystander' very interesting. You get more in one paragraph than in a whole darned copy of an ordinary paper"

"Fortune's Buffets and Rewards"

HAPPY HINDENBURG AND LUCKLESS VON KLUCK

GENERAL VON KLUCK
Photographed in Berlin while recovering from wounds received in France last year

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF GENERAL VON HINDENBURG
Into which the public are privileged to hammer nails (on payment of a fee) in token of their admiration. The photograph was taken during the celebration of his birthday in Berlin

At the beginning of the war General von Kluck, the leader of the German armies on the Western front, was the man of the moment in Berlin. Then, after the triumphal march on Paris had failed, came the news that he had been wounded and relieved of his command, and now Hindenburg reigns in his stead as the people's idol. Yet von Kluck only missed his mark by the merest shave, and we in England shall always remember him as the man who gave us a run for our money, and taught us to appreciate the tremendous qualities of General Joffre, who has certainly proved the biggest thorn in the flesh of the foe

Things That Don't Matter

BY QUIDNUNC

OH, these catchwords! They are a positive plague. "Business as Usual" was coined by an advertiser to keep business going and lull us into forgetfulness that we were at war. The phrase has cost us thousands of lives and millions of pounds. Yet the Kaiser has not given an Iron Cross for it! There's ingratitude for you. And there's another coming—"To the Last Man!" Serbia is to fight to the last man. So is Russia; France also, and Great Britain to be sure. Now what I want to know is, "Who will be the last man and what sort of a fellow will he be, and what will he do anyway?"

* * *

One thing is certain—he will be covered with badges of exemption and armlets of physical incapacity and incompetence. Were that not so he would have been decently killed at a comparatively early stage. He will have no interest in the casualty list because there will be no one left to issue it and no one to read it if it were issued. And if he survived his impossible ordeal he would have to swim home on his own and pay all the taxes as long as he lived. Personally, I do not want to be that last man. But why talk about him?

* * *

I claim silence for General Joffre. That flying visit of his will make amazing reading for our great-grandchildren. What happened in the Council will not leak out. There are some things which even Cabinet Ministers do not tell their wives. But——! Well, the Cabinet has no longer any doubts that the French High Command has high explosives enough and to spare. They have had samples. And they needed them too!

* * *

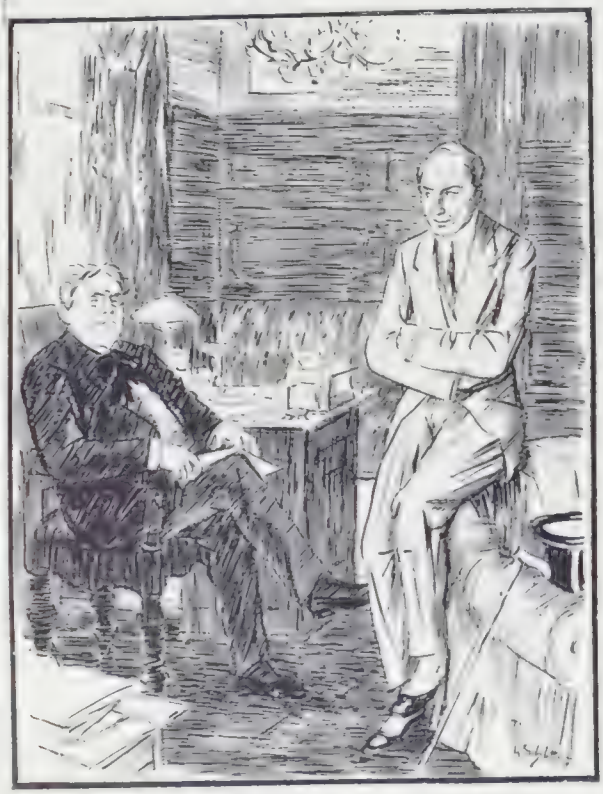
Joffre's pleasant suggestion that our Cabinet should transport itself to the front and show the Army how to dig itself in is under careful consideration. If the nation only gives Ministers the push they will quickly go. But why not try a push at the top instead of one at the front for a change? We should read the Right Honourable Casualty List with prolonged cheers.

* * *

Censorship involves secrecy. There is a secrecy which hits the enemy and another that hurts us. But there is a third sort of secrecy which helps the enemy and hits us. It is the secrecy that suppresses the names of those who have failed and enables them to fail again and again. The fortunes of the Government are too much bound up in the Censorship. The second best thing to being able to announce a doubtful success is to suppress an outrageous failure. The Censorship should, therefore, be in absolutely impartial hands quite apart from Ministerial control and sub-editing. Give us a Committee of Three—the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce; the President of something else of the same kind, and, of course, "Quidnunc," the absolutely unbuyable and quite altogether too wonderfully level-headed fellow.

* * *

The merriest of all our officers was a youthful subaltern who until recently was his own commanding officer. He had been given a small temporary job quite on his own, somewhere not fifty miles from Town, and in a West End club the other night he was explaining the choice advantages of his position to some equally merry friends. "Suppose I want leave—well, all I have to do is to apply to *myself* for it. Of course, I play the game, and carefully consider my application, and in due course approve it. Then I notify myself accordingly, grant myself leave, and issue myself a warrant to cover exes. you know, and then ——." There was a movement in a near corner, and a weary voice asked for a brandy and soda. The *raconteur* collapsed. As he sloped into a taxi two minutes later he explained ruefully that there was an element of uncertainty in all manœuvres. Who would have thought that his adjutant, of all persons, would have been elected an honorary member of *his* club?



DAWN OF HUMOUR IN GERMANY

"Oh! Then your wife was born in London?"
"Yes—Gott strafe England!"

From "Fliegende Blätter"

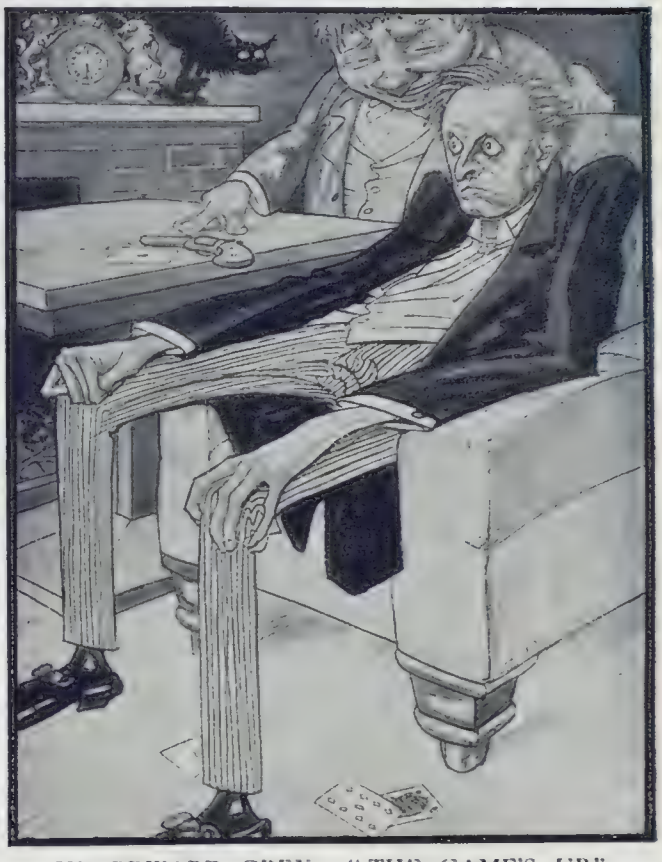
* * *

I read with no surprise that Captain Campbell, M.P., "in the uniform of the Black Watch," made some remarks in the House of Commons the other night. Captain Campbell, I believe, holds the record for having had his photograph in the largest number of illustrated papers since the war began. The papers do not tell us what the gallant Captain said, but I hope he will speak again soon. And then perhaps he will tell us why he, an officer on prolonged sick leave, does not get into mufti as others do. Is this a matter of taste or of regulations?

The Enemy in the Balkans

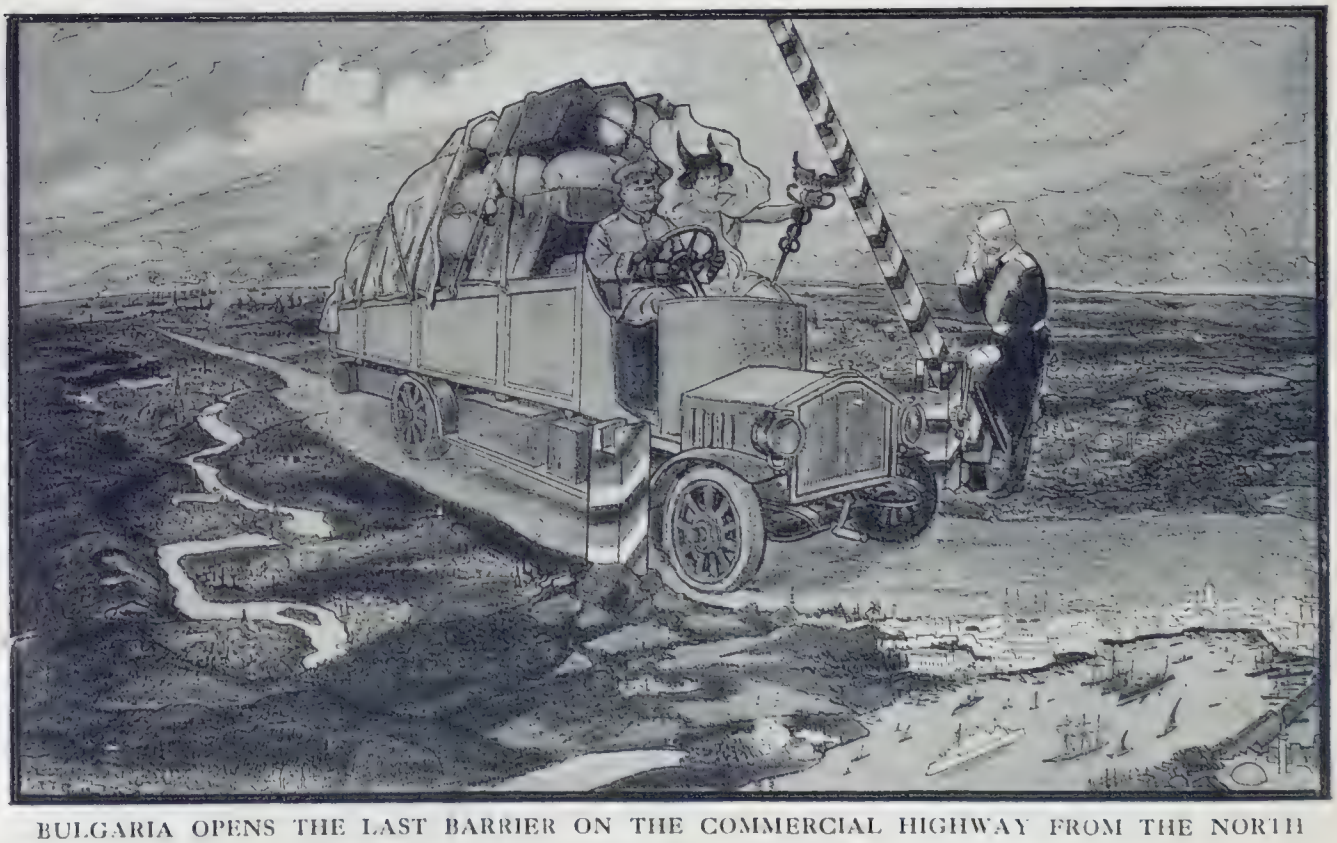
A WAR DANCE ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE

From "Kladderadatsch"



SIR EDWARD GREY: "THE GAME'S UP"

From "Kladderadatsch"



BULGARIA OPENS THE LAST BARRIER ON THE COMMERCIAL HIGHWAY FROM THE NORTH SEA, VIÂ CONSTANTINOPLE, TO BAGDAD

FROM "LUSTIGE BLÄTTER"

The jubilation of the German papers, as shown by the above cartoons, over the turn of affairs in the Balkans, is natural, and perhaps excusable; but their proneness to the ancient error of counting one's chickens before they are hatched is again evident

The Bystander in Holland

II.—WHERE COSMOPOLIS MEETS AND ENEMIES FRATERNISE

DESPITE its reputation at home, certainly there is nothing in the air of Amsterdam to suggest that it is a place of dissemination of political gossip. The papers are the most cautiously edited in Europe. No "rumours" are given space, save such as are reprinted from reputable British and French and German papers. The Dutch journalists are not sensational, and in Holland, as in all countries other than Britain, there are none of those atrocious news-bills that are solely responsible for the nervous instability of our generation.

There is not, as in America, any war discussion of the kind that needs the intervention of the police, which is odd, because there are visible things that might easily do so. For instance, the famous book, *J'Accuse*, is on sale at all the booksellers' shops, which might be expected to stir up Germanophile resentment. On the other hand, German newspapers are on sale at most of the street corners, and the first thing that really happened to me in Holland was to have pressed upon me on arrival at Amsterdam the *Berliner Tageblatt* with a glowing headline about the German advance in Serbia. At first I felt indignant. Why should one not receive the news and the headline from our own most enterprising English newspaper? Then I consoled myself with the reflection that had it been the *Daily Mail* instead of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, I'd have got that German "gloat" all the same, and that if one's buying the enemy's goods, one may as well deal direct with the wholesaler. And reading the *Tageblatt* didn't upset me nearly so much, for it seemed natural that *it* should boast of German successes, whereas it did not seem natural that our own papers should.

"The Hungarian bandmaster saluted me, played 'Czardas' energetically at me, and accepted an acknowledgment in coin"

French-speaking Englishmen who want the latest news are admirably served by their Belgian Allies, who have two admirably edited and bright little journals, full of *esprit* and independence, *L'Echo Belge* and *La Belgique*, published in Amsterdam.

Then take a picture palace. At one of these—it's in the Kalverstrasse, if you're interested—they have an exclusively pro-Ally film as their leading feature. It represents Kitchener's visit to the French Armies from start to finish. It was received in a silence that was shown to be sympathetic in the breaches thereof. One of these was a ripple of laughter when "Tommy" was seen potting at helmeted effigies of the enemy at a "sports"; the other was a roar when Joffre, distributing medals, embraced the faces of their recipients, particularly when they were black ones.

On the other hand, the German beer-houses, with German bands, are crowded. To my eternal shame, I admit I frequented one of these once. Pure curiosity, of course, smoking a most aggressive pipe, and calling for my fare in the loudest British. The Germans present didn't *strafe* me. They just went on talking and reading German, and the Hungarian bandmaster saluted me, played "*Czardas*" energetically at me, and accepted an acknowledgment in coin. Trading with the enemy? . . . Well, I don't know, but personally I refuse to regard the Hungarians as the enemy.

The Austro-Hungarians are, I discover, popular in Holland. They are very good fellows. They hate the Germans more than ever, but they are humorously glad they have them as their Allies, and have been saved the trouble of ejecting the Russians and punishing the Serbs. Hindenburg is, in their eyes, a sort of super-heroic housemaid, who has performed a colossal feat of clearing-up. Austria's approval is much the same as that with which one regards a good servant with a bad temper. One doesn't like her, and resents the airs she gives herself, strongly suspects her of carrying on and of helping herself in the cellar and pantry, and has to be constantly raising her wages and refusing to accept her "notice." Yet as, if she were to go, she would probably smash all the china and the furniture and set the place afire, it is better to let her stay, especially as she is really a splendid housemaid.

If you call an Austrian's attention to a Russian advance in Galicia, he smiles, and says:

"That is all right. Hindenburg will look after that."

I warned one Viennese who talked to me in this strain that, if the Allies were beaten, Hindenburg would look after *them*. But he merely smiled and said that nothing mattered in Austria.

Despite the contempt of the Dutchman I quoted in my first letter for the idea of Holland playing

(*Continued on page 222*)

Coiffure in the Trenches

"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE BYSTANDER IN HOLLAND (*concluded from page 220*)

the thankless rôle of peace-maker, when I arrived in The Hague I did think it an obvious duty to take a furtive tramride myself, just at dusk, to see if the Palace of Peace was still there. I found it was, and looking quite new and clean, too (save as regards the gardens, which have been left "to grow.") The Janitors were positively enthusiastic about it, and fully confident (fee 50c.) that it will one day be used for the intended purpose! To the youth who showed me round Carnegie was the name of a really important personage, whom he seemed to think actually mattered.

For my part, I hope the Treaty will be signed at The Hague. A treaty signed in such a dull edifice will probably be a dull Treaty, and, therefore, a lasting one, which a bright and lively document, put together in a Swiss Hotel, might not be. I am all for a dull and respectable Peace, and believe that diplomatists will behave themselves much better if the peace negotiations are protracted in a city not too fruitful in its facilities for diversion. I want to get them all into that Peace Palace and keep them walking about its marble corridors, and yawning in its council chambers: to have them fed on good wholesome Dutch food, and to have their vitality lowered, so that they experience some of the sensations of penitentience. They must sign the Treaty with proper solemnity, and have reason to remember the circumstances of the signature.

"Hindenburg is, in their eyes, a sort of super-heroic housemaid"

Not that The Hague is altogether a dull city at the present moment. It isn't saying much, perhaps, but I am inclined to think it is probably the brightest place in Europe. A week there, for such army ineligibles as are able to get through the Permit and Passport Offices, is to be recommended. I found an excellent opera season, with a French company, performing *Thaïs* and *Rigoletto* and *Carmen*, etc., etc., to quite full houses, in which the attaché element (mostly Boche) was in evidence.

Nobody takes any notice of the Boches socially; one just passes them as though they didn't exist. The British official eye assumes a far-away look as though the passing Boche were in another dimension, and I was severely taken to task by a diplomatic friend for showing curiosity as to the identity of the pretty little lady who sat opposite me at dinner in the hotel. Was she not, he said, a Bochess?

The Hague has more than one excellent revue running, in one of which there is a very laughable war number, conducted in shrill accents by rival vendors of Boche and Allied newspapers. I didn't understand all the jokes, but the audience did hugely. How nice it is to be a Dutchman, and, after a nice comfortable dinner, and over a nice fat cheap cigar, to be able to *laugh* at this *bloedige oorlog!* (which is Dutch for this deplorable war).

In some establishments, however, so neutral is the atmosphere that all patriotic tunes, even the Dutch National Hymn itself, are *verboten*. Patriotism is under a cloud, even the home variety. The Dutch have seen where it has led the peoples.

The principal rendezvous for cosmopolis in exile is the Café Central — probably the brightest spot in Europe at the moment. Into it, at night, flock all sorts and conditions and nationalities. The attractive-looking and tastefully dressed youths who make up nightly parties are, I was told, Bruxellois. Far too discreet judges of the situation, I suppose, to consider substituting the trenches of the Yser for the tables of The Hague!

Surrounded by a group of gentlemen who assured me they were Russian and Belgian journalists, I was invited to talk. They wanted to know all about England's policy in the war, and I told them I should be delighted to discuss the weather, the decimal system, or the geological characteristics of the planet Saturn, but that what "England's policy" in the war was no Englishman outside the four walls of No. 10, Downing Street, had the foggiest notion.

(*Another article next week*)

"I didn't understand all the jokes, but the audience did hugely"

War Types to-Date—No. 5

THE SUBMARINIACS

BY SUB-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R.

The Education

INSPECTING A ZEP

of the Masses

ELIN'S HANDIWORK

"Gazetted!"

"IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE—" O.T.C.

Men of the Artists Rifles Officers' Training Corps celebrating the occasion of the appointment of one of their number to a commission by a little light-hearted ragging after the typical 'Varsity and Public School fashion. The newly gazetted officer is seen leaning out of the carriage window

Just to Forget

A NON-WAR CAUSERIE. BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE discriminating Editor of this journal—or someone empowered to represent the discriminating Editor—has asked me to write a series of articles under the above heading. And the articles are to be frivolous and they are not to touch on the war. It is rather like asking a three-legged camel to dance the Two Step. For Forgetfulness is not a thing you can command; Remembrance will come pushing in, and the present writer has always found Frivolity a shy maiden, not much given to sharing his armchair—or even his stall. Others get *her* Glad Eye.

—•••—

How, then, does one forget? Of course, one can die; but that is carrying Frivolity into Finality. Otherwise, I suppose, one forgets most easily by conjuring up Remembrance. But I went last night to the theatre (where I am writing there is only one theatre) for the first time for months and months. In the old days I went to a theatre every night; and never on paper. I used to find the Empire or the Court good places for serious reflection. I excogitated at the Alhambra the most excruciatingly serious thing I ever wrote. No one in England paid any attention to it; we should be better off now if someone had. But at the theatre last night I became enraged. I became more violently enraged than I have ever been in my life. It wasn't the play—though the play was rotten. Yes; it was rotten—that is the exact word. It concerned itself with the Spanish Main and pirates—things all dead and, even in provincial theatres, one would think, rotten in their graves. Figure to yourself that the audience took a sort of Captain Hook seriously and shuddered at the dangers of a Peter Pan of fifty-two, grown as stout as a prize ox.

—•••—

Where, in the name of Heaven, do they dig up such plays, such players, such mentalities? I don't know. And I don't care either; I was not enraged at the play, at the fat hero or the fat heroine. I was enraged—at the audience: through the shirt fronts—the wall of shirt fronts—of the healthy, young adult males who gaped at these adipose imbecilities, I seemed to see the great square of mud where some mud-coloured, real men, in the same enormously wealthy city, were churning up the greasy soil, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, at their romantic and persevered-in duties.

•••—

This, I am afraid, is too serious; and, indeed, even if the discriminating Editor could not head me off these considerations, a higher power than even his would arrest my pen, or me if I persisted. So, in order to find Forgetfulness, I am thrown back on Reminiscences—on reminiscences of the Empire and the Court. For I think that, when I die, I shall be just always at 11 p.m. coming out of the Empire and sauntering down Coventry Street, towards Piccadilly. There will be a great blaze of light: for I doubt whether Lucifer will be allowed, by the Celestial Hague Convention, to employ Zeppelins over the Heavenly Piccadilly. And there, in the blaze of lights, in the hum of voices and of soft laughter, I shall go happily along, for ever and ever—towards a supper that I don't in the least want to eat.

•••

This will strike the more poetic or the more conventional as a materialist ideal of a Future World. And yet I do not think it is. And even if it be, the one message that, in my most frivolous or most serious of moods, I should like to impress on my generation is my belief that God is a kindly person who one day will give us much what we want. I do seriously and quietly believe it, and nothing else seems to me very much to matter. And indeed, as to materialism I am not inclined to bow my flag to the poetic and the conventional: for glancing lights and polyphonic voices are things the contemplation or hearing of which causes pleasure entirely æsthetic. And the arts are things of the spirit.

—•••—

As far as I am concerned, I will make the confession that the three most intense pleasures I have had in life have come from

(*Continued on page 225*)

Photograph

MISS FELICITY TREE

Second daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, whose engagement to Capt. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, 3rd Battalion the Buffs, eldest son of Sir Arthur Cory-Wright, Bart., and Lady Cory-Wright, is announced

JUST TO FORGET (*concluded from page 227*)

(*a*) seeing Miss Genée dance; (*b*) hearing Miss Maire O'Neil act in the *Playboy of the Western World*; and (*c*) reading the 26th Elegy of the 2nd Book of Propertius. Miss Genée was dancing at the Empire, Miss O'Neil was at the Court—but as for where Propertius saw his Cynthia swimming, who knows? I suppose it is unusual to quote Latin authors in THE BYSTANDER; but I will be frivolous enough to try:

"Vidi te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina
Ionio lassas ducere rore manus,
Et quaecumque in me fueras mentita fateri,
Nec jam umore gravis tollere posse comas. . . ."

"In my dreams I saw thee, oh my life, swimming with weary hands through the Ionian sea, and, confessing all thy falseness towards me, sink unable to bear up the weight of thy hair that was borne down by the salt of the sea. . . ."

—•••—

I got from these lines an immense feeling of pleasure, much like the other pleasures of coming out of the Empire, or seeing Miss Genée dance in Délibes' *Coppélia*, or Miss O'Neil in the part of Pegeen Mike. I seem to be standing among stone-pines and rosemary, high up over a very blue sea, among purple rocks and promontories, watching a woman swim below—and perhaps I am glad that she is delicately drowning. And I don't want to claim any credit of erudition: the pleasure is probably not different in kind from that of the young subalterns I used to see, this summer, gazing with their ordnance binoculars at young females, far below, disporting themselves among the breakers. There were the air, the high skies, the blue waters, the distant islands, the purple rocks. Well, most of these young fellows are dead now, and the girls have found, as I hear, other loves.

—•••—

As for me—as long as I can remember I have been trying to write a poem to Miss Genée: I am trying still, but it is what we will call a wash-out. I can't get at it, the peculiar flattering of white motions, the peculiar heartlessness of the charm. No; I certainly can't get at it. And I have had my warning to keep my pen off Miss Genée. Years ago I wrote, in a now extinct paper, an article about some young man or other to whom I was anxious to give a lift. I wrote—apropos of the difficulties of making a career in this difficult world—"But even Miss Genée had been dancing for ten years before she was discovered." Now it happened that that paper had a compositor who had been given the sack, and the last work he did for that organ was to set up my corrected proof. So that what I read whilst next morning I was being shaved was: "But even Miss Genée had been dancing for ten years before she was divorced."

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING MASCULINE ABOUT DOROTHY

—•••—

I ran out, suds and all, and sent off a telegram to the private house of the editor of that organ, and that telegram did dire work as I rejoice to remember. For the Editor, having put his paper to bed on the Friday night, had gone straight off to the North of England, returning straight to his office on the Sunday night, and only reaching home on the Monday morning at two. He was met by his wife, who, with her hair down her back and wild eyes, held out a telegram that read:

"Lamentable mistake. Miss G. not divorced but discovered."

—•••—

The wife insisted on an explanation—which the poor man could not give, since he had no idea of the context. Indeed, regarded as a telegram alone it would be fairly alarming for one's wife to receive, if you come to think of it. So they passed some agitated morning hours.

—•••—

That is why I have never tried my hand at writing about Miss Maire O'Neil in the *Playboy*. My experience with Miss Genée had discouraged me.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Swine of the Air Silhouetted on the Earth

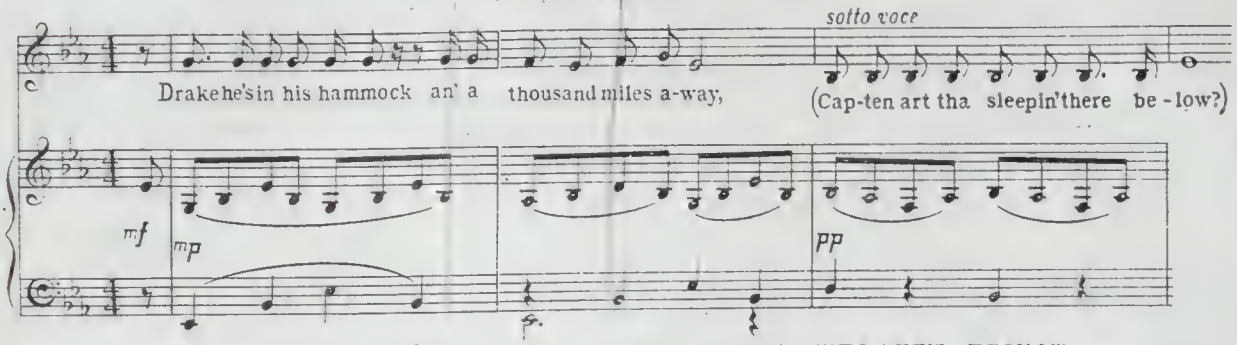
THE SHADOW OF A PARSEVAL PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIRSHIP ITSELF

A PHOTOGRAPH SIMILARLY OBTAINED OF THE SHADOW OF A ZEPPELIN WHICH IS OVERTAKING AND PASSING A RAILWAY TRAIN

Two remarkable skiagraphs reproduced from the German war magazine, "Der Lust-Krieg"

An Octogenarian Song Composer

THE ELUSIVE PERSONALITY OF THE WRITER OF "PLYMOUTH HOE" AND "CANADIAN GUNS"



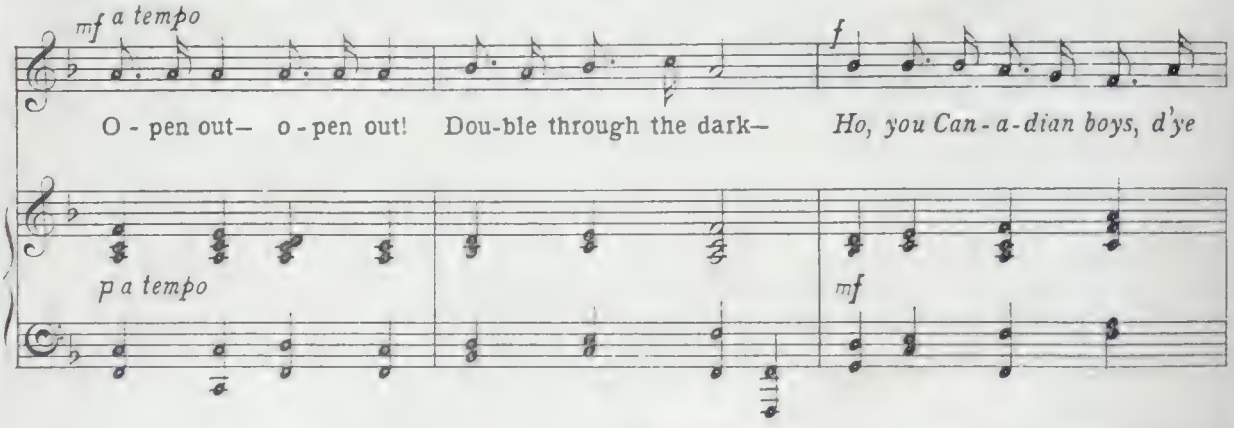
THE OPENING BARS OF "PLYMOUTH HOE" ("DRAKE'S DRUM")

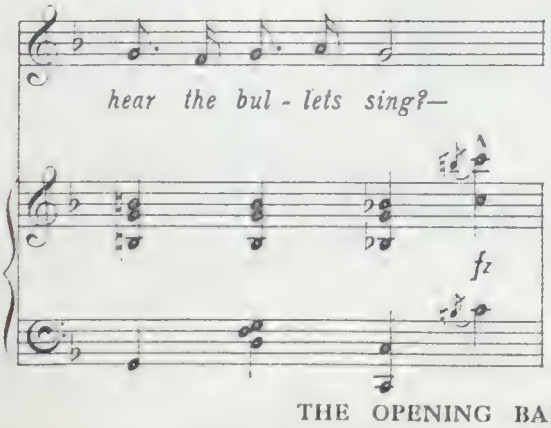
THAT a lady may compose music is admitted; that a lady of eighty-two might compose music is admissible. But that a lady aged eighty-two could compose popular music, tunes which boys could hum and march to, seems wildly implausible. Yet it is true. The composer of the well-known war-song, "Canadian Guns," Lady Barrett-Lennard, best known by her earlier world-famous "Plymouth Hoe" or "Drake's Drum," is eighty-two, and that she and her work are not a great deal better known to the public is due to her fatal if rare and charming quality of modesty. Were it not so, the world of published song would be the richer.

LADY BARRETT-LENNARD
Aged eighty-two, and the composer of forty songs, only two of which, "Plymouth Hoe" and "Canadian Guns," have been allowed to become widely known

Lady Barrett-Lennard is a sister of the late Sir Evelyn Wood and also of Mrs. Parnell (formerly O'Shea), and wife of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, a famous judge and exhibitor of horse-flesh. During the past twenty-five years she has composed no fewer than forty songs. On having each song printed, however, Lady Barrett-Lennard is reported to have "pigeon-holed" it at the publishers (Messrs. Novello). Only by an accident was one of these, "Plymouth Hoe," rescued—through Mr. Watkin Mills, the basso, catching sight of it and recognising it as the one thing needful to him for a coming Australian tour.

Several more songs were written, and buried, and then it came to Lady Barrett-Lennard's knowledge that a few people who had not been particularly successful as song-writers themselves, were saying that "Plymouth Hoe" was the only song she had written, and that with this effort her ladyship had shot her bolt. This would seem to have given Lady Barrett-Lennard some annoyance for her next song, "Canadian Guns," was published almost immediately, and was *not* pigeon-holed.





The verses were written by that brilliant poet and journalist, Mr. R. F. W. Rees, the dedication of the song was accepted by H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, and Messrs. Thorpe Bates, Randell Jackson, Douglas Spain, Topliss Green, and other noted singers proceeded to obtain encores with it. Nor was this all. The Canadian military authorities heard the song, and the order went out to every Canadian band in this country to play it, not occasionally, but every day.

Now that THE BYSTANDER has taken the liberty of exhibiting her ladyship before a hitherto ignorant and unappreciative world, it is to be hoped that Messrs. Novello will take the obvious course of either persuading her to write some new songs suitable to these stirring times, or to rescue from their pigeon-holes songs already written that are deserving of publicity. Better late than never, and while there's life there's hope.

THE OPENING BARS OF "CANADIAN GUNS"

(Reproduced by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Novello and Co.)

Now Then, Lord Derby!

Why not carry the khaki badge idea further and put the label on the spot, so that the discarded might walk the streets with conscious rectitude?

"Missing—and Believed Killed"

By GUY LYSLE

JACK MASTERLEY had been at home again for three days, and had spent nearly the whole of that time in the War Office. Surely no callow subaltern can have ever before received such polite and pressing attentions from distinguished Staff Officers. But Jack had a story to tell. After some months in the trenches he and his men had been swooped down on by the Germans. Although he himself had had little to say about those details he had fought ferociously—and then, wounded and dazed, he had stepped into unconsciousness, and had only regained a thinking interest in life when he found himself in a prisoners' train well on his way to Germany. And from there he had escaped. That part of his story, thrilling though it was, had been dismissed in a few sentences. It was what he had seen and what he had heard that so profoundly interested the Great War Chiefs. Also, there was that matter about maps—the most important thing of all. Before the war Jack had been a weary slave in a great surveyor's department in London, and one of the secret plans of an important part of London which, miraculously enough and somewhat bloodily, too, he had chanced on in Germany, had been a tracing of a map which he himself had made under the express instructions of his own chief. "It is unnecessary for me to tell you that for years that fellow must have been a spy," Jack said, grimly. And three grave heads bowed in assent. Jack was told that as he was officially "dead" he had better remain "dead" until the War Office informed him he might live again. So with these instructions he was dismissed soon after lunch on the third day, and told to report himself again in the morning.

War and love have been intermingled through the centuries, and Jack naturally turned from one to the other—but without any great enthusiasm. Some six months before he had joined the Army he had become engaged to a daughter of Suburbia. She was certainly very pretty, and, in the cramped life he had lived then, she had been almost satisfying. But the Great Adventure had carried Jack with it to a theatre of real greatness. Narrow boundaries had been swept away since he had cast aside the drawing-board for the battlefield. He had been amongst super-men. Suburbia now to him—he was sure of it—would be contemptible—a sort of slacker in bricks and mortar, inanimate and pitifully little. As for Sylvia, her daintiness would in no way compensate for her lisping correctness. Sylvia had been the finished social product of Suburbia. Sylvia was impossible for him now. She had been a little insipid then. He had not written to her or heard of her for months. He would go and see her—just once more that afternoon—and break off the stupid engagement.

Through the little station he passed unrecognised. Even the small newspaper lad did not recognise him. What a difference his moustache must make! On the gravelled clearing outside he stood for a few minutes and looked a little wistfully along the road that led up the hill to the common. Right away on the top of it—far out of sight—there would still be standing the little bungalow where he and two friends had lived together. That common was a friend of his. In an impersonal way it had fought against Sylvia. There were distances there and a suggestion of freedom. It was pitiful to remember that in its palmier days the tottering bungalow had been tenanted by his employer—that fat scoundrel who had been helping the enemy. He would make a last pilgrimage to his old home after seeing Sylvia.

Passing to the left through avenues of small pretentious villas—*suburbia in excelsis*—he reached Sylvia's house. A new maid answered the door for him, and the next moment he was holding out his hand to Sylvia's mother.

"My God—*you!*"

That was her greeting.

"Oh, we thought you were dead. Really—really, Mr. Masterley, this is most inconsiderate of you."

Jack laughed lightly. The reception was highly promising. A glance at that terrible drawing-room and Sylvia's equally impossible mamma fiercely confirmed him in his intentions.

"And now I imagine you have come after my daughter again. I must do my duty as a parent. Please shut the door, Mr. Masterley."

Jack did so, and sat down uninvited.

"First tell me frankly what has happened to you," she demanded, and then, as he knew would be the case, before he could reply she started a bombardment.

"You are still a second lieutenant," she said sternly, eyeing his sleeve.

Jack nodded happily.

"No promotion after a year of fighting is unpardonable in these days of—heroism," she insisted.

"I agree," said Jack.

"And your uncle—he left you nothing, nothing at all," she whispered in a voice of shocked accusation. "I felt it to be my duty to——."

Jack murmured that it was another of those painful cases where old gentlemen had stealthily measured their incomes by buying an annuity. And then she continued, "There was your cousin the Baronet——."

Jack broke in hotly. "I never told you or anyone in this place that I had a Baronet cousin. I never spoke to him in my life and hardly ever of him. He was no friend of my family. Now, please, tell me——."

She waved him down. "It was my duty to find out all about you. Remember you were to have married my dear daughter." Continuing in tones of injured dignity she urged that her daughter and herself had been deeply affronted by the Baronet. "We naturally and quite properly had a memorial service for you here. Poor Sylvia bore up splendidly—everyone talked of the admirable bearing of the dear child. It was a particularly nice service, and afterwards everyone—I mean our own set, including the Vicar, of course, came here to tea. Quite properly I invited the Baronet to be present, and I never even had the civility, the common courtesy of an acknowledgment!"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 231*)

Hangiya or Female Demon

A PICTURESQUE ORIENTAL NOVELTY ARRIVES IN LONDON

Camera Portrait *Alvin Langdon Coburn*

MISCIO ITOW

The extraordinarily gifted young Japanese dancer who is giving a series of performances of his art in Kensington during the present month. In this photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, F.R.P.S., he is seen in the guise of the Hangiya or Female Demon. Miscio Itow describes the legend of this dance as follows: "The Hangiya lives in the wild place, she likes to drink the new blood, so every night she come down from her den to town to find a fresh victim. She pretends to be gentlewoman and envelops her face in the veil. The people who live in the town, they never see her face but they know one flame burns in the wild place where she lives, to lure travellers. One very windy night she feel very hungry so she come down to town for her food. She make charming voice to every door to try and discover a young child, but she could not find one, so she feel more hungry and angry. Now she must try to return to her den in the face of the wind, and as no people are there, only the night, she throws back her veil and fights with the wind which grows always stronger. Finding that she could not conquer the wind she felt madness, lost her magic, and was blown away. No one ever saw her any more"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 232)

Jack's annoyance had given way to amusement; "May I ask what was the date of my memorial service?"

Her answer brought the explanation that his cousin was ill at the time and deeply distressed over the loss of a son at the front.

"There were only two," she said alertly, "and then you came in."

Jack nodded, and asked suddenly "Where is Sylvia. Am I to be allowed to see her?"

"Certainly not," was the stern reply.

"Other arrangements which shall not be disturbed have been made for my daughter's happiness. You have had your chance, and you are still only a second-lieutenant. My daughter is entering into an alliance which will enable her to live as a girl of her birth and beauty should. . . . You must not see her or correspond with her——."

"I promise that," said Jack handsomely.

"And, of course, you will not dream of residing in this neighbourhood."

Jack promised that too. Then the old tartar gave him two bony fingers and somewhat hastily dismissed him. It was only when he had got outside that he laughed heartily. He wondered what the old girl would have said had she known that Death had made short work with all his cousins and that he was no longer *Mr.* Masterley. Still, he was glad that Sylvia had been suitably fixed up, and he hoped that she would be happy.

The light was fast fading in the sky when Jack broke on to the common. He had gone by an indirect way, and pushed through a stretch of gorse and brushwood before he reached the knoll which had been his happy resting-place. Ah, it was good and wonderful to be there once again! He flung himself down amidst the bracken and gazed first at the bungalow which lurked in the shadows some two hundred yards in front of him. That dear old tumbledown place—it was still gaunt and lonely and thrillingly mysterious. In its way it had been a presage of the Great Adventure to come. In the drab days of grey servitude it and the brown common had been the only romance in his life. Turning, he glanced at the myriad lights of Suburbia in the deep distance, and shuddered as he had so often shuddered before. Soon there would be a moon, and then he would stumble from his height and make through the heather and cross the road and enter his old home. It was obviously untenanted—he was thankful for that.

As he lay there in the wilds there came to him the familiar sound of men marching. For an instant he really felt that he was back again in Flanders, but the next moment he was peering through the bracken to find the camp. Up the hilly road the men came—a company of them with even tread. And then an amazing thing happened. They were halted on a whispered command only a hundred yards or so beneath him, and the voice that halted them gave the order to "Fix Bayonets." Then other orders were given, and in a couple of minutes the men had vanished. They had been posted—some in the bushes in front of him, others he could hear breaking their way to other chosen points—they had surrounded the bungalow. Here was a breathless thing indeed. Within a mile of Suburbia an armed guard was holding up a lonely bungalow.

Jack waited and watched in rising excitement. Lovers came and went, all ignorant of the watchful eyes in the bracken. A heavy country cart passed, and no one made a sign. The stillness that followed was only broken by a night-bird's cry in the far distance. That must be a new bird in those parts. Never before had Jack heard a cry like that on the common. Almost the same instant the same cry was repeated much nearer, and others heard it too, for there were movements in the bushes in front of him; and just then lighting up the hilly road from Suburbia there could be seen the lamps of a car. The rest all happened very quickly. The car stopped beside the bungalow gate. The door opened—and the same minute tall figures seemed to leap out of the ground. Bayonet points in a surrounding circle flashed in the light. There was a scuffle, and Jack heard a voice well-known to him crying in gasps, "What the devil does this mean? I protest——." Then at once he realised that the scoundrel of an employer had returned to his old lair.

"You'd better keep quiet—you're my prisoner," was the reply. And in answer to a whistle two big cars seemed to come from nowhere, and the prisoners were put inside them with a guard and driven off over the common. After that the bungalow was invaded, and Jack's last view of it as he turned on his way towards the station showed lights in every room. Truly the War Office and the Secret Police had moved swiftly. He wondered what his one-time employer thought of it all just then!

. . . . . .

Documents and other things found in the bungalow and other places made it unnecessary for Jack to appear as a witness in one of those fascinating trials of which the public never hear. The War Office had given him promotion, and he was at York on light duty, drilling the recruits of a new battalion of his old regiment. Several weeks had passed since the dramatic scenes on the common when he received a letter which had originally been addressed c/o the War Office. It was from Sylvia's mamma.

> "Is it possible that you can give me any information with regard to the whereabouts of Mr. ——? I remember that before you joined the Army he was your chief, and it occurs to me that you may know. He has disappeared suddenly and most mysteriously. It is really most inconsiderate of him, as my daughter was engaged to be married to him, and it would be such a suitable alliance."

"Poor little Sylvia," cried Jack. "Upon my soul that wretched girl has no luck at all. Fancy picking up with that filthy old spy. Why he must have marked her down in the days when he saw her with me. Were I not really sorry for her I should write back and tell mamma to ring up the firing-party at the Tower for details. As it is—well, silence is golden, and I want a light for my pipe. So here goes. I shall be the second of my line who has failed to acknowledge this terrible woman's letters!"

GUY LYSLE

THE NAME

Craven

stands for the highest standard of production in Tobacco and Cigarettes. No matter what price is paid no better quality is obtainable.

Craven "A" Cigarettes are made from the finest selected matured Virginia leaf, and the price is **6d.** for **10.** Anyone paying more than 6d. for 10 for high-class Virginia Cigarettes is throwing away money which could be saved for the War. You cannot obtain a better Virginia Cigarette than **Craven "A"** at any price. (See our guarantee below.)

CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES

10 for **6d.** **50** for **2/3**
25 „ **1/2** **100** „ **4/6**

If you find Craven "A" Cigarettes do not suit you after you have smoked one—return the box to us and we will refund your money. We cannot make a fairer offer.

CRAVEN "A" MIXTURE

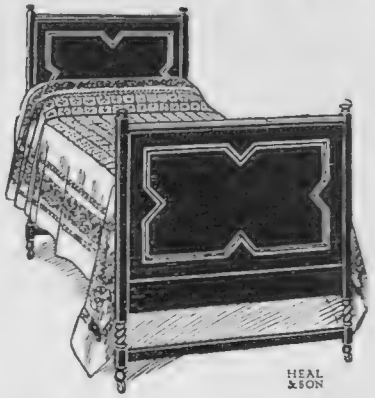
In ¾-ounce packets—same price, **6d.** per packet. Usual 1-ounce packets, 8d. per oz.

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists, and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.

Established 1788. *Entirely BRITISH.*

WOODEN BEDS



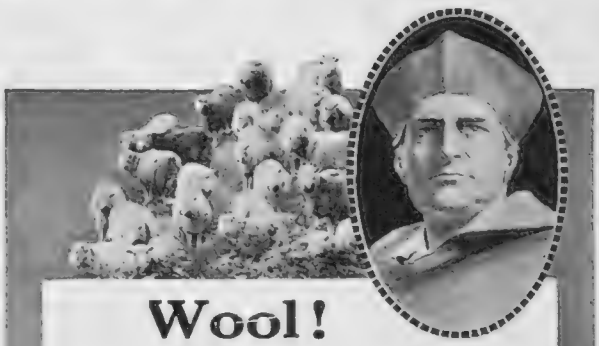
Size 3ft. wide - £3 10 0

Heal's have made a feature of bedsteads reproduced or adapted from the antique. The example above is in the late Jacobean manner, of dark-toned oak, and notably moderate in price.

Catalogue of "Wooden Beds" sent free by post to all "Bystander" readers.

HEAL & SON

TOTTENHAM COURT Rd. W.



Wool!

The health of our fighting forces has *proved* the value of pure wool underwear more strikingly than it has ever been proved before. Every man wears, by order, pure wool next his skin!

Wolsey Underwear offers you the same protection—offers you also a degree of comfort and satisfaction beyond what you will find elsewhere. And Wolsey is *not* a German product; it has *not* been "naturalized"; it is—and always *has* been, British through and through.

WOLSEY

PURE WOOL BRITISH UNDERWEAR

Made in all Garments for men, women, and children. Replaced free if it shrinks.

Be sure to see the Trade-Mark.

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Tina" at the Adelphi Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a musical comedy quite on the old *ante-bellum* lines. There are pretty frocks—to say nothing of their lovely occupants — impressive scenery, "catchy" music, and the usual kind of plot that is considered good enough for musical comedy audiences. Tina is the daughter of a successful cocoa merchant, who has employed his surplus profits in the purchase of a ducal palace in Venice. I had thought that people of that class always bought newspapers with their spare cash; but I must have been misinformed. Mr. W. H. Berry is extremely droll as the cocoa merchant—indeed, I felt that every time he quitted the scene he was leaving a blank behind him that could not be readily filled by anyone else. You get the first glimpse of the humour of the part from the programme before Mr. Berry makes his appearance, because his name in the play is Mr. Van Dam, which suggests an impolite expression that only other people employ. You may read the name from the programme quite glibly, and can thus produce documentary evidence to prove that you didn't use the word in the other sense at all. And for a musical comedy audience that is quite a sparkling joke.

THE FAIR PHYLLIS SCORES ANOTHER TRIUMPH AT THE ADELPHI

Mr. Van Dam seems to have paid a cool million of money for the ducal palace in Venice, although he is a man who is very obviously out of place amid such splendid surroundings. Quite early in the play we are given to understand that he is a self-made man — self-made because nobody else would undertake the job. He reminds me of the well-known American millionaire (who shall be nameless) who is alleged to have remarked that of all the beauty spots in Europe that he had visited he preferred Venice, because there he had been able to sit and fish out of the hotel window. Mr. Van Dam has a not unreasonable prejudice against music and musicians for purely domestic reasons. It appears that his wife has a strange fancy for eloping with musicians in order, apparently, to satisfy her craving for harmony. Three times she came back home and was forgiven; but apparently by that time eloping with musicians had become a habit too difficult to break, and she is now away from home on a fourth enterprise of the kind.

Tina, the cocoa-merchant's fair daughter, is very fond of music, and with a dim perception of the laws of heredity in mind, Mr. Van Dam does all in his power to keep the girl away from the baneful influence of fascinating fiddlers. But it is written that none of us can escape destiny. As soon as Tina arrives at the palace she hears the sounds of fiddling in the distance, and at once concludes that the operator was the young man who arrives on the stage a moment later, the Duke of Borgolese himself. Shortly after that Tina is suggesting an elopement on the lines of the maternal example, and away the young people go accordingly. And yet there are some people who say that they don't believe in heredity as a determining factor in our lives! For all practical purposes the play ends with the first act; but musical

(Continued on page 238)

MR. GODFREY TEARLE MAKES HIS BOW IN MUSICAL COMEDY

Because I happen to be a Cheruto - Carolina Cheruto - open at both ends, I cost ever so much less than a finely made cigar.

Yet I am just as good to smoke.

Like my more expensive brothers, I also am MADE IN HAVANA.

And I was a great favourite in the time of Christopher Columbus. Since then I have been over-looked. And now I am re-discovered and you can buy me everywhere in silver foil bundles of 5 for 1/9.

Carolina CHERUTO

5 for 1/9 32/6 per 100

Sold by all Tobacconists.

Should smokers find any difficulty in obtaining Carolina CHERUTO, please write for name of nearest dealer to:

M. P. Troy

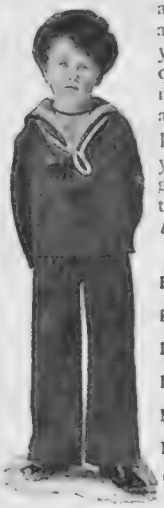
Dashwood House, London, E.C.

Selling Agents (to Importers only) for
Henry Clay and Beck & Co., Ltd.

La Corona	La Carolina.
J. S. Murias.	Pedro Murias.
Cabanas-y-Carbajal.	Flor de Cuba.
Villar-y-Villar.	Manuel Garcia.
Henry Clay	Cubanola.
	Beck.

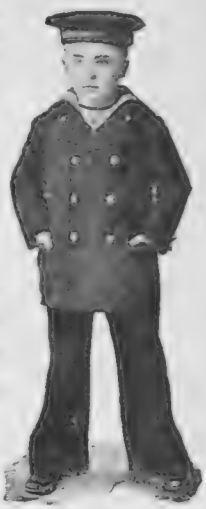
SAILOR ROWE SUITS "CORRECT"

On every Rowe Suit



appears the silk tab shown above. The Rowe tab is your guarantee of faultless quality, high-grade workmanship, excellence of fit and service.

It is your assurance that you have got a *real* Rowe garment and not one of the 'many' imitations. *Look for that Tab!*



Agents:

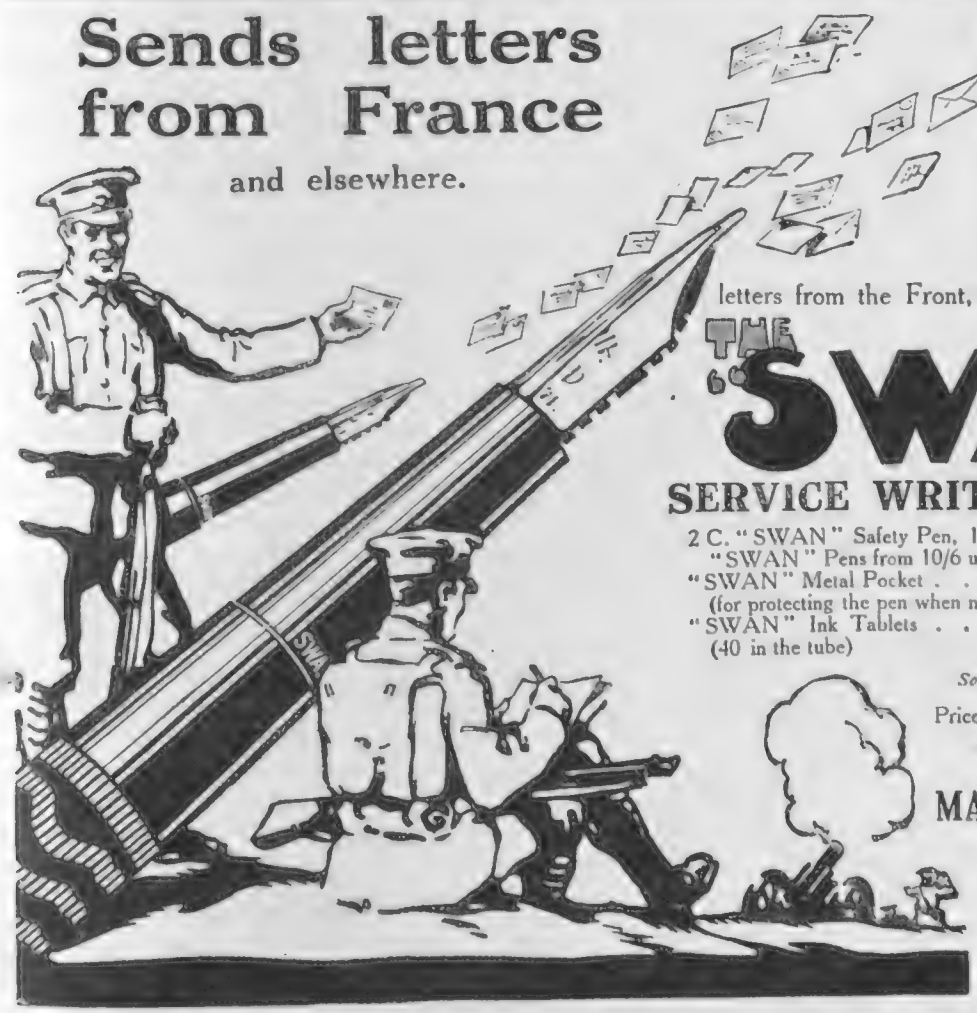
BIRMINGHAM: G. Fernie and Son, Ltd.
EDINBURGH: Jenner's, Princes Street.
LEEDS: Marshall and Snelgrove.
LIVERPOOL: George Hy. Lee and Co., Ltd.
MANCHESTER: Macbeths, Ltd., King St.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Fenwick, Ltd.
SHEFFIELD: John Walsh, Ltd.

ROWE

78 HIGH STREET — 106 NEW BOND ST
GOSPORT — LONDON W.

Sends letters from France

and elsewhere.



IT IS SAFE to say that soldiers who have "SWAN" Pens write more letters than those without them. The reason is simple. The "SWAN" is wonderfully handy — always ready to write, easy to carry. If you want more letters from the Front, send your soldier friends

THE "SWAN"

SERVICE WRITING OUTFIT.

2 C. "SWAN" Safety Pen, 12/6 (other "SWAN" Pens from 10/6 up)
"SWAN" Metal Pocket 1/-
(for protecting the pen when not in use)
"SWAN" Ink Tablets . . . . 6d.
(40 in the tube)

Price of Complete Outfit Post Free, **14/-**

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Prices from 10/6 upwards to £20.

May we send our Catalogue? Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & Co.,
LIMITED.
79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 204 and 95A, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Brussels; Paris.

MORE LIGHT FOR DARKEST LONDON

comedies are different from the ordinary kind of commercial drama. In musical comedy there is always some little complication introduced to keep the young people apart till the end of the third act, and as this particular comedy is strictly according to Cocker it follows that the rule-of-thumb tradition is closely observed. And there are so many good things in this entertainment that the fact that for the best part of two acts the plot practically rests upon its oars, as it were, is rather a matter for congratulation than otherwise. Miss Phyllis Dare is most attractive as the romantic Tina, and she quite justifies her enviable position as the idol of a very large section of the play-going public. Mr. Berry, as before hinted, is a host in himself, and his quaint manner of letting off squibs of coruscating humour makes you forget that some of those same squibs are no longer in the first flush of their giddy youth. When the Duke first meets Van Dam in the presence of Tina he asks who the lady is. Van Dam replies at once that that is not a lady; it is his daughter. Noah is reported to have made the same comment while standing outside his famous ark waiting for the rain to start, and that was really quite a long time ago. But it would be ungenerous to cavil seriously at little blemishes of this kind in a performance where there is so much that is of quite unusual excellence. Soldiers home for a little leave from the front who want to see something left of the London that was, will find the entertainment at the Adelphi Theatre an abiding joy.

THE INEVITABLE BATHING SCENE AT THE ADELPHI

THE BASHFUL MAN AND THE DARING LADY AT THE CRITERION

"A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF"
At the Criterion Theatre

THE only thing against this play is its unfortunate title, which is not at all attractive. Beyond this, however, there is nothing to be said except what is most flattering. The story itself is of the well-known kind dealing with the inconstant husband whose wife is trying desperately hard to find out more than he desires her to know; but it is told with a freshness that makes it practically a new idea altogether. The buoyant humour of the piece caught on at once. Never since the war began have I heard an audience so boisterously happy as was the Criterion audience on the evening of my visit. One of the successes of the evening was Mr. Ernest Thesiger as a big awkward man whose one fear in life is that some designing female will trap him into matrimony unless he is very careful; but the acting of the whole company was brisk and lively to a degree and quite in keeping with the lively story they had to tell. In normal times it would be easy to predict a big popular success for this play; perhaps even the shadow of war cannot prevent the triumph of genuine merit.

JINGLE

TERPSICHORE IN TROUSERS AT THE ADELPHI

THE Gift for those on Active Service.

There is one gift which the soldier or sailor appreciates and which he can carry about and use wherever he goes. It is a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

For Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, Nurses, Ladies, Travellers, Sportsmen, and all who need a pen for outdoor use the "Safety" Type is recommended. It cannot leak, however carried, and with careful use will last for years.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.
Pleases for a lifetime.
Post NOW for friends abroad.

For the Regular Type ..... **10/6** and upwards.
For the SAFETY and the New Lever Pocket Self-filling Types ..... **12/6** and upwards.
Of Stationers and Jewellers all over the World. Booklet free.

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner. Kingsway, London.

A note of distinction marks

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

That is why the man of good taste in matters of dress always insists upon "Viyella," and now that the cold weather is here the softness and warmth of the garments are necessary to your comfort, which is increased by the lightness of the material, and the fact that it is non-irritant. "Viyella" garments have a unique health quality, in that they readily absorb and radiate away the moisture from the body, thus leaving the pores unhampered to do their work. Exceedingly durable and positively unshrinkable "Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas add real service value to the most pleasing surface value.

OBTAINABLE READY-TO-WEAR OR MADE-TO-MEASURE OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas can only be obtained through Outfitters. Name and address of establishment nearest or otherwise suitable to you will be forwarded upon receipt of a postcard; together with patterns free and non-returnable, and booklet "A Material Consideration," if desired.

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ld. (Wholesale only), 31, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

Make your Wrist Watch break-proof!

Every wrist watch wearer—soldier or sportsman—needs the **Army Protector** which converts *any* wrist watch into a miniature hunter guarding the glass and case from breakage, protecting the wearer from the dangers of splinters, and preventing dangerous reflections from the glass.

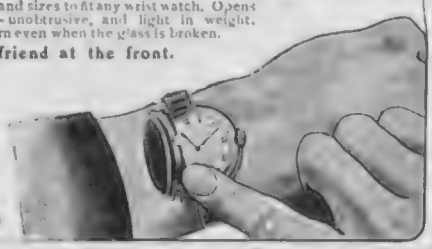
The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement — unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

Send one to your friend at the front.

Nickel or Khaki Finish **1/6**
Leather Covered, **2 6**;
Solid Silver from **6 6**
Also in Solid Gold.
Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc. If unable to obtain from your Jeweller send stamps or postal orders direct to
Sales Manager.
Waltham Buildings, 29, Church St., LIVERPOOL.



ASHORE OR AFLOAT THERE IS NO TOBACCO TO COMPARE WITH

Smith's Glasgow Mixture

Sold in 3 Strengths: MILD, MEDIUM & FULL 7D. per oz. 1/2 per 2-oz. 2/4 per ¼-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on Application

F. & J. SMITH, branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

Manufacturers of "Orchestra" High-Class Virginian Cigarettes

A Fascinating Pastime for Long Evenings and Wet Days

TRY

"The Graphic" Jig-Saw Puzzles

Our puzzles are the best value on the market.
Write for new Catalogue.

			s.	d.
80 pieces, average size	9 by 6	.. ..	1	2
100	11 by 7	.. ..	1	6
125	13 by 9	.. ..	2	3
250	20 by 12	.. ..	4	6
300	21 by 15	.. ..	6	6
400	22 by 16	.. ..	8	6
500	24 by 16	.. ..	10	6

Post Free in the United Kingdom.

A splendid selection of artistic pictures are used and are all cut by experts. When ordering please say if for child or adult.

THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

INEXPENSIVE HOSPITAL FURNITURE.
TEMPORARY HOSPITALS.

Hamptons equip Temporary Hospitals in the completest possible manner and in the shortest possible time. They guarantee the quality of every article used and that the value is the best obtainable.

No. 1.—Wood-seat Chair - - 3/3
No. 2.—Bed Table - - - 4/3
No. 3.—2ft. 6in. Japanned Black Bedstead, fitted diamond spring bottom, 18/-. Bordered Wool Mattress, 10/4. Wool Bolster, 2/5. Feather Pillow - - 2/9
The Complete Set - - 33/6

No. 4.—Ward Table, with detachable clear plate glass top. Size 30in. by 18in. by 39in. high - 16/9

No. 5.—Bedside Locker, with Cupboard and Towel Rail. Size 20in. by 14in. by 30in. high - - 15/6

No. 6.—Adjustable Bed Rest, with strong sail-cloth back - - 4/3

No. 7.—3-fold Screen, wooden frame with material fixed on brass rods top and bottom. Height, 5ft. 10in. Folds, 24in. wide - - - 15/6 complete.

Prices for above of same wood, enamelled white:
No. 1, 6/- No. 2, 6/- No. 3, 37/- No. 4, 21/6 No. 5, 20/6 No. 6, 6/8 No. 7, 24/-

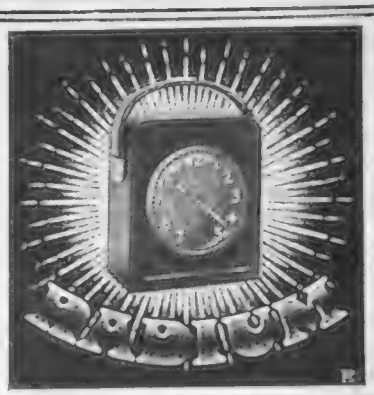
For coloured illustrations of many of the best values now obtainable in Home Furnishings of every description see Hamptons' new Autumn book, now ready, post free.

HAMPTONS
PALL MALL LONDON

Hamptons pay carriage to any railway station in Great Britain or to any port in Ireland.

LIBERTY'S
TUSSORE KNITTING YARNS
SOFT & LUSTROUS

SUITABLE FOR OFFICERS MUFFLERS, UNDERWEAR, SOCKS & LADIES' SPORTS COATS
7/3 A LB
CARRIAGE PAID FOR 7/7
SAMPLES OF SILK & WOOL YARNS POST FREE
LIBERTY & Co. LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON



The "AURORA"
A WATCH BY DAY—A CLOCK BY NIGHT

This is a strong gun-metal cased Lever Watch with whole figures and hands coated with Luminous Radium Compound (the illumination being absolutely permanent), and tells the time as well by day as by night. Cased in a handsome leather cabinet, velvet lined, with a strong bull's-eye lens which magnifies the dial o watch to double the size, making an ideal and absolutely silent bedroom or carriage clock. The watch can be carried in the pocket by day and fitted into cabinet at night.

Price complete, 40/6, post free; Colonial Post 41/6
Watch only, 30/6, " " " 32/-
Solid silver, 60/6, " " " 61/6

Guaranteed and money back if dissatisfied.

Write for fully descriptive List (Luminous Clocks and Watches), "The Story of Radium."

WAITE & SON, Radium Clock Experts,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Established nearly a Century. Bankers: Lloyds Bank.

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in fitted case with 18ct. Gold Clasp, £4 4 0

Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from £2 2 0

SESSEL PEARL Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings, with Solid Gold Mountings, from £1 10 0

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc. taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (*Bourne Ltd.*), 14 & 14a New Bond St., London, W.
(Directly opposite Asprey's)

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR.
The Cavendish
RADIUM HAIR RESTORER
(NOT A DYE.) THE FINEST HAIR RESTORER IN THE WORLD.

A Genuine Radium Restorer that will bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age; will also keep the scalp quite free from scurf, and, like all my Radium preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed - - - - PRICE 7/9

RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER. Unparalleled for producing abundant, glossy hair - - - - - - - PRICE 5/9

HELEN CAVENDISH, 120, New Bond Street. MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ARMY AND NAVY STORES, HARRODS, Etc.

The Bystander in PARIS

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"All over Paris has appeared a poster, 'Taisez-vous'"—

IF the Germans were judges of character, which, of course, they are not, for they have shown time and time again that they base every effort at psychology on their knowledge of their own—if, as I was saying, the Germans were judges of character, they would be enjoying food for thought at this critical turn of their affairs in the fact that while you can get English newspapers in most places in Germany, while the Germans read English and French newspapers greedily, you see no German newspapers for sale in Paris or in London, anywhere. Newspaper offices obtain them and make extracts from them. Nobody else wants to read them.

In other words, whatever the German optimists may say about Great Britain's desperate condition, France's war-weariness, and so forth, they know at heart that the English and French newspapers give them a true picture of England and France. In other words, whatever British pessimists, or French pessimists either, may say when they want some good news in a hurry, we know that the German newspapers do *not* tell the whole truth about Germany. We know that we can afford to ignore them.

All over Paris, recently, has appeared a poster:

"TAISEZ-VOUS,
MÉFIEZ-VOUS,
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS
ÉCOUTENT."

This literary effort was the swan-song of M. Millerand before he trotted off with his umbrella from the Ministry of War, danced up the steps of the Palace of Justice, secured the key of his locker, shook out his barrister's gown and bands, which had become a little dusty from confinement, knocked the dust off his *toque* against his knee, and then trotted off to the Bâtonnier, Maître Henri Robert, to tell him that he had done with politics for the time being and was ready for the Bar once more. A couple of years ago, instead of "Keep your mouth shut, keep your eyes open, there are spies about"—which is the ex-War Minister's message to France, in a

(*Continued on page 242*)

—"It was the swan-song of M. Millerand before he trotted off with his umbrella from the Ministry of War"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 241*)

free translation—M. Millerand would have made a declaration (three pages of the *Journal Officiel*) and a speech in the Chamber of Deputies (heaven only knows how many pages in the *Journal Officiel*). Before the war there were thrifty souls in Paris who subscribed to the *Journal Officiel*, year in and year out, because the halfpenny a day or less, which it cost them, ensured them quite a revenue. The sale of the paper by weight at the end of the year brought in more than their outlay.

"I want the proclamation in two hours, said General Gallieni to a historian whose literary style is world-famous

The speculation would be a poor one this year. For the present *nous avons changé tout cela*. France has learned to be laconic. There is no better proof of it than Monsieur Millerand's three-lined warning, except, perhaps, the action of his successor at the War Office, General Gallieni, when he became Military Governor of Paris, on a historic occasion. There were several important and defensive little things to do, so General Gallieni asked a historian, whose literary style is world-famous, to turn out a proclamation from the new governor of Paris to the Parisians. "I want the proclamation in two hours," he said (Gallieni has the Kitchener trick of "wanting"). The historian worked hard, and in a hundred and eighteen minutes he produced a very fine and very eloquent proclamation indeed. In two minutes more Gallieni had remodelled the historian's work into two lines. I forget the exact wording of the proclamation which was published, but no Parisian will ever forget the three vital words in it. "To the end"—"*jusqu'au bout!*" There were very few more words, and none that didn't matter. The new France is not wordy.

When the new Cabinet Council met for the first time at the Elysée, the table wasn't big enough to seat them all. In pre-war times we should have had columns of newspaper talk about what was to be done, and why, proper precedence, and all the rest of it. What happened in this new laconic France was simple. The President of the Republic took his seat and motioned to General Gallieni to sit on his right and Admiral Lacaze to sit on his left. He then nodded to the four Parliamentary veterans, De Freycinet, Guesde, Combes and Ribot, and they sat down, two on each side of "war" and "admiralty." Then M. Briand took his seat and "find places for yourselves, gentlemen," he said. The under-secretaries of State were put at a little side table, like the children at a wedding-party, when there's no room at the central table. And a member of the Council told me afterwards that the meeting had been short, "because there was a lot of work to do."

General Gallieni, the little man of sixty-six who holds himself like a lance in rest, but is never at rest, reminds me of a mixture, with sauce *à la Française*, of "Bobs" in his younger days, and Kitchener when he began "wanting." I happen to know some of the men who have worked with him. They are fond of quoting his phrases. "If you've got brains, use them. If you haven't, plant cabbages—*et encore*," is one of his favourites.

Another is "When something goes wrong, face it. Don't criticise till you can supplement your criticism with the remedy." "Set things going and keep them going," is a third, and the one I like best of all is, "Don't write, go and see. Say what you want done, and don't say more than the man you talk to can remember." General Gallieni is a great reader. He knows German well, and insists on his collaborators knowing it. "A Frenchman without any German is as bad as a soldier with goodwill instead of a gun," was the way in which he refused to employ a young officer on the Staff, because he spoke no foreign languages.

"I should have liked to have been present," said one of Gallieni's right-hand men, "when *le Général* (that's what they call him) and Papa Joffre first met. It must have been an interview of wonderfully pregnant silences."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 623.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, November 10, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

ONLY £175 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.

SUSSEX.

IN THE CENTRE OF A HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK.

ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE PROPERTIES NOW IN THE MARKET.

THIS VERY DELIGHTFUL PROPERTY, *only in the market owing to the war,* is situate within 13 miles of the coast and within easy reach of station with first-rate train service.

The position is unique for such a low rented Property. Very fine views in all directions. South aspect. Sandstone soil.

Hall, billiard room, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall. Stabling, garage. Gardener's and coachman's cottages. Company's water. Electric light.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Full-sized croquet lawn, tennis lawn for 3 courts, rose and kitchen gardens, orchard, meadow, park-land, in all about 44 ACRES. A tenant has pleasurable use of the woods, comprising some hundreds of acres, affording delightful walks and drives.

VERY SMALL PREMIUM ASKED FOR LEASE.

Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds. Land tax redeemed

Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE £2,000, FREEHOLD.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF
KENT.

FOR SALE, this attractive and well-planned RESIDENCE, close to station, village, etc.

MOST CONVENIENTLY SITUATE FOR A CITY MAN.

Spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bath, all modern conveniences. Pleasure and kitchen gardens, etc.

Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TROUT FISHING.

ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS, NEAR NEWBURY.

CLOSE TO STATION. OVER 800FT. UP. GRAVEL SOIL.

FOR SALE, at a VERY LOW PRICE, a MINIATURE ESTATE, comprising this DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, containing: hall, gallery staircase with lantern roof, 4 reception rooms, glass lounge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Modern drainage. Electric light. Radiators.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

Two tennis courts, kitchen garden. Stabling, garage. Small farmery, 4 cottages, in all

ABOUT 80 ACRES.

Trout fishing in stream bounding one side of Property.—Full particulars of Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON, Newbury; and HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

NEAR WALLINGFORD, BERKS.
GROUNDS SLOPING DOWN TO THE RIVER THAMES.
4 MILES HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED.

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, replete with all modern conveniences, including ELECTRIC LIGHT and hot water heating, contains panelled hall, dining and drawing rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and servants' hall; motor garage. The grounds of 3 acres including sloping lawns, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard. Boathouse with landing and bathing stage. Rent, Unfurnished, £125 per annum, or, Furnished, by the year at 4½ guineas per week.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (S,148)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

TO BE SOLD, a Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 54 acres. The House stands in well-timbered grounds, and is approached by a drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; Company's water; electric light and gas; main drainage; stabling for 4, and garage; well-timbered grounds, including tennis lawn, separate walled kitchen garden, rosery, rock garden and pergola summerhouse. A feature is the

PRIVATE GOLF COURSE.

Golf professional's house and 2 cottages.—Price and full particulars on application to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (H.S. 8,346)

CLOSE TO STOKE POGES GOLF COURSE.
TO BE LET OR SOLD.

THIS ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE, standing on high ground, and containing: 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, 8 good bedrooms and bathroom; electric light; Company's water; garage for 2 cars and 2 rooms for man; well timbered pleasure grounds, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, small greenhouse, about

2½ ACRES

in all.—Particulars of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W., and of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (H.S. 8,340)

BETWEEN OXTED AND CATERHAM.
Rural district. Gravel soil.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, originally a farmhouse which has been added to; standing 300ft. above sea level, with a South aspect: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; Company's water; stabling and garage; small farmery; the gardens are a special feature of the Property; they are nicely timbered and well laid out, and include an exceptionally fine rock garden, 2 tennis courts, lawns, orchard, and pasture-land, in all between 11 and 12 acres. Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (S,181)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.
HANTS AND WILTS BORDERS.

THIS GENUINE QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, situated in a small well-timbered park. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room (all panelled), 15 bedrooms, nursery, studio, 3 bathrooms; electric light, telephone; garage; beautifully timbered gardens and grounds well laid out in terraces, lawns, etc., including 2 tennis courts; golf in neighbourhood; shooting over about 1,200 acres.—For particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,853)

½ HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

THIS ARTISTIC RESIDENCE, with quaint gabled roof, standing on gravel subsoil, in a high and healthy position. Accommodation: pretty entrance hall, boudoir, drawing room, conservatory, dining or billiard room, morning room, study, 8 bedrooms, and bathroom; main drainage; gas and Company's water; stabling for 4 horses; well-timbered grounds, including lawns, flower beds, walks and shady corners, small pond, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 2½ acres. A further 10 acres can be purchased.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (H.S. 8,339)

1¼ MILES WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE.
600 FT. UP. LOVELY VIEWS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for 6 months or longer, an old-fashioned HOUSE, containing: 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing and 2 bathrooms: electric light; stabling and garage; finely timbered pleasure grounds of 2 acres. Rent 9 guineas per week.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 3,319)

Telephones { Mayfair 5701 and 5702. Yeovil 43.
Telegrams { "Wilsogra, Audley, London." and "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

WILSON & GRAY
LONDON and YEOVIL.

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES
of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.
Enquiries to 14, Mount Street, W., or 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.
WILSON AND GRAY have now transferred their above Department to No. 56, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.
Telephone: Mayfair 1321.
The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

1 HOUR FROM LONDON.
In a high and bracing position, amidst perfectly rural surroundings.

TO LET, FURNISHED, NOMINAL RENT.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE FULL OF OAK PANELLING, standing in lovely old-world gardens, and surrounded by its own Estate of some 350 ACRES. Fine lounge hall (37ft. by 21ft.), 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling, garage; electric light, central heating, main water supply. Personally inspected.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD
SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

SURREY.
In perfect country, only 20 miles from London. On gravel soil, 300ft. above sea level, with South aspect.

£160 PER ANNUM, Unfurnished, or for SALE, attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by beautifully timbered gardens and small park: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling and garage. 10 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

OWNER GOING ABROAD.
WORCESTERSHIRE.
Close to a village, 2 miles from Evesham, 5 minutes walk from the River Avon.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned HOUSE, situate in a singularly beautiful part of the country, and containing: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and usual offices; garage; main water supply; telephone available. Rent 2 to 4 guineas per week.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN.
125 ACRES. £3,150.
HANTS. — Between Newbury and Andover; high; gravel soil; South aspect.
A SMALL GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE.
Large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, garage; charming gardens and pleasure farm.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

NEAR NEWBURY.
Just over an hour from London by G. W. Ry. express trains.
Beautiful spot amidst perfectly rural surroundings, and high up on gravel soil.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE AT BARGAIN PRICE.
Many thousands spent recently in improvements.
BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE, containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. ELECTRIC LIGHT. NEW DRAINAGE. Stabling, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, and fine farm buildings.
BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND MINIATURE PARK.
Capital pleasure farm. The Estate is one of the most charming properties that has entered the market for a considerable time.—Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

HERTFORDSHIRE.
Perfectly rural spot, yet under 15 miles from London: a few miles from Hatfield and St. Albans.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, or would be LET, Furnished, singularly attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, with all modern requirements; electric light, telephone, etc.: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 7, large garage; charming old grounds of about 10 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., London, W.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED TOWN HOUSES.

Furnished.

UPPER GROSVENOR STREET (close to Park). —Fine wide-fronted House: 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 6 reception rooms; lift.
Rent 20 gns. a week.

RUTLAND GATE.—Very well Furnished and in quiet position: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
Rent 10 gns. a week.

BELGRAVE SQUARE.—Well-appointed spacious HOUSE: 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 6 reception rooms; stabling.
Rent 20 gns. a week.

SEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.—A really beautiful medium-sized HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, square hall; newly decorated.
Rent 12 gns. a week.

Unfurnished or Furnished.

IN THE FINEST POSITION IN MAYFAIR.
Unique opportunity occurs for securing, for two years or more, a charming newly-decorated HOUSE, of medium-size and in perfect order, occupying a delightful sunny and open situation
OVERLOOKING THE PARK.
Containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 beautiful reception rooms, large lounge hall. All the principal rooms having large bay windows.
COMMANDING FINE VIEWS.
The terms are very low:—

UNFURNISHED.	FURNISHED.
Lease two years.	20 gns.
Rent £250.	**a week.**
Premium £350.	(Open to offer).

NOTE.—*The house is in such splendid order that an incoming tenant would not find it necessary to incur any expense in repairs or decorations.* If a longer lease is required favourable renewal terms can be arranged.

Furnished.

HILL STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE.—Newly decorated: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
Rent 15 gns. a week.

HANS PLACE.—Attractive countrified-type of RESIDENCE, overlooking gardens: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, square hall.
Rent 12 gns. a week.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN. — Charming HOUSE, just out of Belgrave Square, to be LET for a year: 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
Rent 6½ gns. a week.

DELIGHTFUL HOUSE IN GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE. — 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms; splendidly decorated and furnished.
Rent 12 gns a week.

Further particulars and orders to view of WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London." **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: {Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. **AUCTIONEERS**

ON THE EDGE OF THE NEW FOREST.

FAVOURITE PART OF HAMPSHIRE.

DELIGHTFUL FAMILY RESIDENCE.

TO LET, FURNISHED,
on greatly reduced terms.

10 bed, bath, excellent offices, 3 reception rooms; electric light, radiators; billiard room; telephone; stabling, garage; charming grounds, including rose garden, orchard and kitchen garden; dairy produce from home farm.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 13,854)

TO LET, FURNISHED.
A GENUINE OPPORTUNITY.
NOMINAL RENT.

KENT (300 years old). — This unique half-timbered COTTAGE to Let, Furnished, for 6 months or 1 year. Surrounded by charming grounds. The House contains: 6 bed, bath and 3 reception rooms; 3 acres including tennis lawn and large kitchen garden; original old oak beams and panelling.—Inspected and most strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 10,267)

THE HILLS NEAR BRENTWOOD.

In one of the most pretty parts of the country, only ½ an hour from Town.

TO BE LET, Furnished, any period, owner going to the war: 11 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom; lovely grounds of 8 acres; stabling; electric light; golf quite near. Rent, 10 gns. or offer. — Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Telegrams: "Mercaral, London." **F. L. MERCER & CO.,** Telephone No. 1579 Regent.

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.
BEAUTIFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE.
PERFECT ORDER.

BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.
BARGAIN, £4,000.
—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A GEM ON THE CHILTERNS. APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.

BUCKS (glorious spot near High Wycombe, under an hour from town; high up, lovely views).—A perfectly appointed old MANOR HOUSE: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms; oak beams, panelling, open fireplaces, main water, central heating, stabling, garage, farmery; delightful gardens RENOWNED FOR THEIR BEAUTY, and 10 ACRES of grass-land.
BARGAIN, £3,500.

A TIMES BARGAIN.

BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE in perfect order; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, garage, extensive buildings and 125 ACRES of rich land. Freehold, £3,150.

AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.

SURREY (facing a lovely common, 45 mins. from Town).—Pretty creeper-clad RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchards, roseries, over 100 specimen Wellingtonias and acacias, 18 ACRES grass-land; main water, sandy soil. £1,950. Open to offer.

DEVON. Glorious situation near the coast, commanding most beautiful views.

THE CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE contains 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception, lounge hall, excellent offices, etc.; gas; gravel soil; modern drainage; beautiful pleasure grounds, tennis lawns, orchard, and about

23 acres of pasture-land. Trout fishing, bathing, shooting, golf, hunting.

Excellent stabling and garage with rooms over.

PRICE £4,000, FREEHOLD.

PRICE REDUCED FROM £4,000 TO £3,000.

HERTS (40 minutes from King's Cross, between HATFIELD and HITCHIN).—An attractive RESIDENCE; 3 good reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; telephone connected; superior cottage, stabling, garage; very pretty pleasure grounds and 40 ACRES OF PARK-LIKE PASTURE-LAND.
Price, with 5 acres, £2,000; further land £30 an acre.

QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE. OAK BEAMS, CHIMNEY CORNERS, AND OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

70 MINUTES FROM LONDON ('midst charming rural country, in a good social and sporting district).—3 good reception, billiard, bath, 6 bedrooms; charming pleasure grounds with lawns and flower beds; stabling, garage; farmery and 27 ACRES OF PASTURELAND.
Bargain £2,100 Freehold, or would be let Furnished.

LOUNGE HALL LOOKING INTO STUDIO.

SURREY (in a beautiful and much sought-after district, near EAST GRINSTEAD).—A charming old-fashioned style RESIDENCE; large oak-panelled lounge hall, large and lofty oak-panelled drawing room with minstrel gallery, both having large inglenook with open fireplace, dining room, studio, 6 or 7 bedrooms, bathroom; motor garage; beautifully timbered pleasure grounds and paddock of about 2½ ACRES. Main water, telephone; light soil; golf, hunting, fishing.
Bargain £2,200 (open to offer).

FASHION
in
FOOTWEAR

A NOTE *by* GISÈLE.

The importance of being well shod nowadays leads Dame Fashion to be insistent on certain styles being worn.

At Marshall's you will find the mode of the moment fashioned of the finest materials.

Yet they are quite inexpensive.

The New Blue model with Blue moiré back and soft Blue leather fronts. 18/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
Everything for woman's wear.
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
LONDON
and at
SCARBOROUGH LEEDS
YORK, HARROGATE

DR. PIERRE'S

(of the Paris Faculty of Medicine). Est. 70 Years.

THE LEADING DENTIFRICE OF FRANCE.

TOOTH-PASTE (Rose) in TUBES.
ECONOMICAL in use.
GIVES an INCOMPARABLE WHITENESS to the TEETH.
ANTISEPTIC, containing neither Acid nor Grit.

PURIFIES and PERFUMES the Mouth.

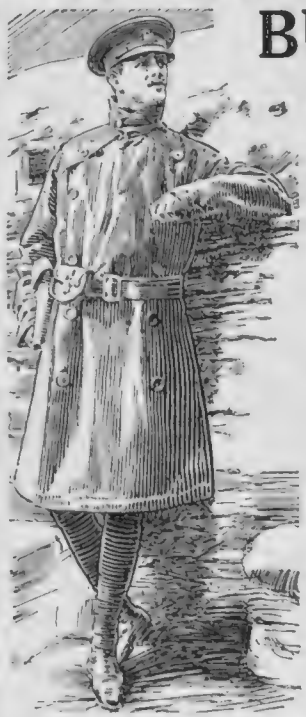
Price 10d. per Tube, also in Pots, 1/- & 2/-

Sold in STERILISED ENAMELLED TUBES by all Stores and Chemists.

Samples 2d. post paid.

Depot: R.B., 203, Regent St., LONDON, W.

TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY



In ONE coat combines the comforts and services of THREE, each of which can be worn separately.

1. TRENCH-WARM, thick and impenetrable for severe weather.
2. WEATHERPROOF which will keep out heavy and persistent rain.
3. SHORT-WARM of Fleece—light and soft.

Two and three conjointly form one coat, *i.e.*, THE

TRENCH-WARM

Will withstand hours of rain.
Proofness is unaffected by heat, cold or hard wear.
Keeps out cold wind, yet is never overheating.

BURBERRYS' WINTER WAR KIT
including The Burberry, Uniforms, Tielocken Belted Coats, Great Coats, and every detail of Equipment.
READY FOR USE, or made to measure in 2 to 4 days.
Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON
8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agencies

Flat Case for 30 Cigarettes

THE BEST YET PRODUCED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE

THE "CROSS" SERVICE CASE is a neat, strong, thin magazine to hold a full day's average supply of cigarettes. It is entirely new and no other suits the soldier's needs so well. Hitherto soldiers have found a difficulty in carrying enough cigarettes for the day in good condition.

ESTABLISHED 1846 CROSS TRADE MARK LONDON

Over 1,000 English Workers.

Regd. Design No. 649,795.

The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a cigarette. Every Soldier on Active Service should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted.

Special superior quality, Officer's Case, in Pigskin, lined calf skin.

15/-

Case for general service, Brown Waterproof Canvas, edges bound strongly and sewn. Very light.

5/-

Write for New List No. 2 of "CROSS" Service Goods

It will be helpful to you in choosing gifts for your soldier friends.

MARK CROSS Ltd. 89 Regent St. London, W.C

The Best Boots

for Active Service are

FAULKNER'S

Norwegian Boots.

The Easiest, Most Waterproof, Wear-resisting Boots made.

Booklet and Self-measurement apparatus free on application.

Faulkner & Son

BOOTMAKERS ESTABLISHED 1871

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS,

52, South Molton Street, London, W.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

Immediately soothe the throat and allay irritation

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.

Sole Manufacturers:—

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd., LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

DYEING and FRENCH CLEANING

BY THE

GARDNER PROCESS

BLOUSES from **1/3**

DRESSES „ **3/6**

CENTS' SUITS 4/6

Carriage Paid one way.

Wm. GARDNER & Co. Ltd.

PAISLEY, N.B.

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 9th day of November, 1915, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 17th day of November, 1915.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

EASE & COMFORT

Barkers' Easy Chairs are known throughout the world.
Made in their own Factory at Kensington under the most sanitary conditions. Being the actual manufacturers we are able to sell at first cost.

The "GRANNY"
A comfortable Wing Easy, well upholstered in Cretonne,
£2 : 17 : 6

No. 10 in Catalogue.

The "BEDFORD"
A large Divan Easy Chair, well upholstered in Cretonne,
£2 : 5 : 0

No. 7 in Catalogue.

The "CARLTON"
Most Luxurious Easy Chair with deep spring seat. Hair stuffed in Cretonne,
£4 : 15 : 0

No. 34 in Catalogue.

Write for Special Catalogue of Easy Chairs and Settees.

BARKERS

John Barker & Co., Ltd., Kensington, W.

The Home Beautiful

Curtains, Carpets & Furniture

"Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS

Tropical Sun, Sea Air or Washing cannot Fade them.

"SUNPRUF" CASEMENT CLOTHS, TWILLS, SHEETINGS, REPS, SATINS AND TAPESTRIES AT LOWEST QUOTATIONS.

Every Length Guaranteed.

Autumn Curtain Fabrics

TAPESTRIES, BROCADES & DAMASKS for Curtains and Covers. Splendid selection in all colours from 1/11¾ per yd.

VELVETS of British Manufacture from 3/3½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

DORIAN REP.—One of the finest Curtain Fabrics procurable. Guaranteed Unfadable. 3/6 per yd., 50ins. wide.

SATIN CLOTH in beautiful rich shades, 3/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

Patterns Post Free.

The "Canterbury" Chair.

Thoroughly well-upholstered Chair. Covered in Tapestry at 4/- per yd. **£4 19 0**

Telegrams: "Greatly, London."
Telephones: 1829, 1830, 2128, Battersea.

Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

DAINTY TEA FROCK

suitable for all manner of occasions, made in Brocaded Crêpe de Chine, with new yoke of chiffon over cream lace, set in with hemstitching and finished with small rosette, in black, white and colours. Thoroughly well made in our own workrooms.

58/6

Actual value, **4 Gns.**

The same frock in extra rich and heavy plain Crêpe de Chine. Price **98/6.**

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W

Millinery for today

B.M.142. PICTURE HAT OF BLACK VELVET, FOR YOUNG LADY. TRIMMED BAND AND BOW OF SOFT BLUE CORDED SILK RIBBON. ALSO IN NIGGER, NAVY AND VIOLET. 35/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co., Ltd.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

Nothing is so quickly and thoroughly refreshing as a cup of the famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

—the Tea of Connoisseurs.

You can try it at the
FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS,
36, PICCADILLY, W.

The most charming place for
LUNCHEONS, TEAS, AND DINNERS.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA—
Pure per lb. 2/10, 3/10. Blend, per lb. 2/7, 3/4, 4/4.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can also be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

The F. G. Service Glove

Strongly-made Tan Dogskin SERVICE GLOVE, lined Lambskin, strap at wrist. Exceptional value 7/6

Registered Postage to France 10d. extra.

Frederick Gorringe LTD.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

HORSES IN WAR-TIME

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE.

(A Society for the encouragement of kindness to Animals.)

President: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lonsdale.

BLUE CROSS FUND

(The Original Fund for helping Horses in War.)

President: Lady Smith-Dorrien. *Chairman:* Sir Ernest Flower.

AN APPEAL.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And I'm dying as fast as I can
(For my body is riddled with bullets—
They've potted both me and my man);
And though I've no words to express it,
I'm trying this message to tell
To kind folks who work for the Red Cross—
Oh, please help the Blue one as well!

My master was one in a thousand,
And I loved him with all this poor heart,
(For horses are built just like humans,
Be kind to them—they'll do their part);
So please send out help for our wounded,
And give us a word in your prayers—
This isn't so strange as you'd fancy,
The Russians do it in theirs.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And my eyes are becoming quite dim
(I really don't mind though I'm "done for,"
So long as I'm going to *him*);
But first I would plead for my comrades,
Who're dying and suffering too—
Oh, please help the poor wounded horses!
I'm sure that you would—if you knew.

SCOTS GREYS.

HELP THE BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN FRANCE, THE BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN ITALY, AND TO SUPPLY HORSE COMFORTS FOR HOME AND EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Donations to Arthur J. Coke, Secretary, Offices, 58, Victoria St., S.W.

WOTAN

Drawn Wire

Electric Lamps

SAVE MONEY.

WOTAN LAMPS save money because they reduce current consumption to the lowest possible limit.

WOTAN LAMPS save money because their strong Drawn Wire filaments ensure great durability and long life.

Obtainable from all
Electricians, Ironmongers, Stores
throughout the Country.

INEXPENSIVE VELOUR CLOTH TAILOR-MADES

We have recently been successful in purchasing a large quantity of fine quality ribbed and plain Velour Cloths in black and a good range of colours, with which, in order to keep our workers employed during the intermediate Season, we have made about 300 Tailor-Mades in various new designs, many of which are trimmed with fur. These Coats and Skirts are made by highly skilled tailors and the fit, shape and finish, are of a very high standard, whilst the value is quite exceptional. Owing to the fact that the material is limited and cannot be repeated these garments cannot be made to measure or sent upon approval.

REFINED STREET SUIT, as sketch, in fine quality soft finished Velour Cloth in good colours, perfectly cut and tailored. Collar, cuffs and flounce of coat trimmed with wide skunk opossum fur. New well-cut skirt.

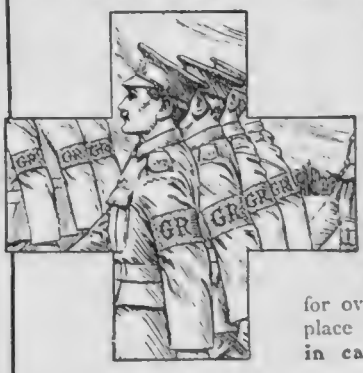
SPECIAL PRICE,
6½ Gns.
ACTUAL VALUE
9 Gns.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W

"The Great Sacrifice"

Facsimile Oils, Framed, 28 x 20 £1 11 6 *Carriage Forward*
Facsimile Oils, Unframed, 23 x 16 £1 1 0 *Post Free* £1 1 6
Photogravure (Selected copies signed by Artist), Unframed, 22 x 15 £1 1 0 *Post Free* £1 1 6
Photogravure Ordinary, Unframed 22 x 15 5/- *Post Free* 5/6
Colour Print, Mounted, 10 x 7½, Unframed 1/- *Post Free* 1/2
THE PUBLISHER, Tallis House, Tallis St., Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Home Defence



NO one can doubt the usefulness or the Patriotism of those men, ineligible for the regular army, who are daily preparing themselves to defend our homes against invasion. They may never be wanted, but they are there. It is the same with POND'S EXTRACT—the wonderful first aid that for over 70 years has found a place in thousands of homes **in case it was wanted.**

Accidents happen in a moment and there can be no safer—surer remedy at hand than POND'S in all cases of **Cuts, Bruises, Burns** and **Sprains.** Invaluable also for **Chilblains, Rheumatism, Piles, Inflammation** and all **Bleeding.** It is perfectly harmless—a clear, healing liquid suitable either for internal or external use. It is your best home defence. Get a bottle to-day and keep it in case of emergency.

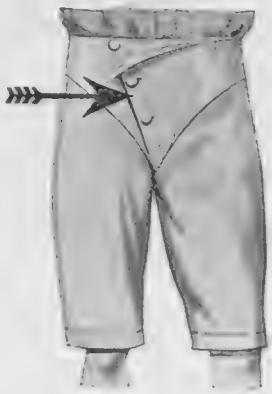
Substitutes may be offered—steadfastly refuse them. Of all Chemists in sealed bottles with full book of directions, 1/3, 2/6, 5/-

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 109

Pond's Extract
THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

For the Comfort of our Soldiers

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

PRICE **25/-**

Post free { U.K. **25/4** Abroad **26/-**

Chamois Leather Jackets.

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement. The lining absorbs all perspiration.

PRICE **30/-**

Post free { U.K. **30/5** Abroad **31/-**

Khaki Stocking Puttees.

For use in Home Service when off parade, or at the Front when out of the firing line. The Stockings present the same appearance as ordinary puttees, but can be taken on and off in a second. Officers have found them the greatest comfort and relief as a quick change after the strain which the regulation puttees causes to the leg.

PRICE, **7/6**

Post Free { U.K. **7/10** Abroad **8/2**

TURNBULL AND ASSER

MILITARY AND SPORTING HOSIERS.

71-72, JERMYN ST. (5 Doors From St. James's St.), **LONDON, S.W.**

Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." Telephone—4628 Gerrard.

Shoolbred's

Skirts.

Special Offer.

Shoolbred's "Walking" and "Sports" Skirts are skilfully cut and thoroughly well made by Skirt Tailors who are specialists in this particular Branch of Tailoring.

The Otterhampton Skirt.

THE OTTERHAMPTON

Thoroughly Practical Style, cut from Yoke, with side seams. Perfectly Tailored through out, and finished with taped seams. Stocked in Navy and Black Cheviot Serge and a large assortment of Tweeds and All-Wool Friezes in plain colours

From **10/9**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

By Royal Appointment.

"DUVET" CHAIRS

DECORATION.
INTERIOR WOODWORK.
PARQUET FLOORING.
ELECTRIC LIGHTING.
STRUCTURAL WORK.
FURNITURE.
ANTIQUES.
UPHOLSTERY.

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS

WALL PAPERS. DECORATIONS.

HOWARD & SONS, LTD.

Manufacturers,

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

Army & Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., S.W.

John Barker & Co., Ltd., W.

Civil Service Co-operative Society, Ltd., S.W.

Civil Service Supply Association, Ltd., E.C. & Bedford St., W.C.

Harrods, Ltd, S.W.

Junior Army & Navy Stores, Ltd., London, Aldershot, and Dublin.

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., W.

J. Shoolbred & Co., Ltd., W.

Spiers & Pond, Ltd., E.C.

Whiteley's, Ltd., W.

There are *still* no cigarettes equal to "PEARLS OF EGYPT"—hand-made in Cairo. All the charm of choicest oriental tobaccos skilfully blended, is contained in these dainty tins, imported direct from the East. The above well-known Stores stock

'PEARLS OF EGYPT'

"Join the brave throng
"That goes marching along"
or send them some

MILKMAID'
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

It is tremendously appreciated in the trenches as being so warming, invigorating, and easy to make. Milk is in itself a complete food—*Milkmaid* Café au Lait combines three foods in one—finest coffee, purest milk and refined sugar—at the same time affording a most delicious beverage, which **"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."**

Cash price 6d. and 11½d. per tin of all Grocers.

Write for attractive illustrated booklet of Recipes—post free on request.

NESTLÉS, 6 and 8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King*

OMAR KHAYYAM

Subtle, elusive, delicate, the sweetness of Omar Khayyam haunts one like a happy dream memory. You cannot procure a more entrancing perfume nor one of finer quality.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

In Dainty Box, 23/6, 12/6, 5/9, 3/3.

Wholesale: H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., LONDON, W.

ELIZABETH, Ld.

45, South Molton Street, W.

Telephone: 3238 Mayfair.

Girl's Jumper Frock in blue and white frieze, with skirt and facings of plain blue. From 3 guineas.

Specialist in Girls' School Outfits and Little Boys' First Suits.

Try a COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

Motoring and Waste

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Notes of Interrogation

Can anybody tell me how many new motor lorries are standing out to rust on the Plain and elsewhere, or are sunk into the mud; how many have been there over three months; if they stand there while new convoys come up and leave in front of them; and if the total runs to thousands? Can anyone tell me why British manufacturers are still being required to concentrate upon the production of military motor lorries if it be true that so large a percentage of them are merely parked to rust and decay; and if there is any sound reason why British manufacturers cannot be allowed to supply the market that stands in urgent need of motor lorries, at least until the authorities have discovered what to do with their present accumulation?

***

More Questions

Have the authorities no share in the responsibility imposed upon the private citizen to economise? Or does the fact that the private citizen's job is to find the money while the authorities merely spend it, make the difference? Suppose the private citizen kicks and refuses to pay until the authorities mend their ways, that, of course, would be a most unpatriotic action; but would it be so lacking in patriotism as the criminal waste of the authorities?

***

In Protest

There isn't a business in this country that could live a year on the sort of organisation which seems good enough for Authority if a tithe of the reports be as true as, unfortunately, they appear to be. The shareholders in any such business would fire the Board of Directors and the Departmental Managers like a shot. Somebody would in all probability go to prison for fraud. Well, we are shareholders in John Bull, Ltd., and I am afraid we are getting very tired of some of our Board of Directors and some of our Departmental Managers; and we are not a little disappointed that our few strong men in the management have not lived up to their reputation as we hoped they might.

***

Road Faring

Talking of fraud, let us consider the question of roads and the petrol tax and the incidentals thereto. Originally the tax on petrol was devised and accepted on the understanding that it was to be used for road development and maintenance. The motorist reckoned he would get some of his money back that way, while properly protesting that he was not the only traffic-man to cause the damage and ought not to be the only traffic-man to pay for it. Now, however, he is being taxed twice as much and gets nothing for it in road service. This is all right in war-time, and nobody objects, however sorely he groans; but it will be a bit of a fraud if a road development tax continues to be appropriated after the war.

***

The Importance of Highways

Incidentally it will be bad business for the nation if nothing is done even during war-time to maintain the roads in as fair a state of efficiency as possible. Out of the last eighteen months' experience we should have improved our conception of the value of good roads for purely military purposes, for the civil-military purpose of munition transportation, and for the maintenance of the means of private and commercial communication which is all more or less associated, however indirectly, with military efficiency just now. Yet the roads are deteriorating badly, and are being allowed to disintegrate. The military haven't time to worry, and the civil authorities apparently don't see why they should, particularly as they are not getting any help from the Road Board. So that, if we are not careful, we shall finish the war with ruined roads at home which will take an enormous pot of money to put right again; and, before then, we may, by negligence, have made a considerable handicap for the military.

MY LORD MAYOR AND HIS CROSSLEY CAR

Sir Charles Wakefield, a widely travelled motorist, a lord of oil, a man of Imperial as well as Civic affairs, upon whose shoulders the Mayoral mantle has just descended. Sir Charles is delighted with his car

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. Strong, Efficient, Reliable, and British throughout.—Write for new Catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Acton, London, W.

With the abundant flow power, the smoothness of its Eight-Cylinder Engine, the pliant springs, the deep soft upholstery, it is aptly said: "The Cadillac carries its own good road with it." F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard St., Oxford St., W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

The

Power

of the

"SIX"

THE development and use of power is the crucial feature of every motor car. Every other detail is subsidiary to the engine. The Buick Six-cylinder Car represents the summit of achievement in this direction. The Buick Valve-in-Head Motor is guaranteed to have more power and to be more economical in fuel consumption than any other type of motor ever built.

PRICES: Buick Models.
16-20 H.P. 2-Seater . . . £335
16-20 H.P. 5-Seater . . . 345
Chassis £280

Bedford Buick Models (Our British Coachwork)
16-20 H.P. Empress 2-Seater £375
16-20 H.P. Streamline Torpedo 385
16-20 H.P. Arcadian Cabriolet 455

General Motors (Europe) Ltd.
136 LONG ACRE, W.C.
'Phone: Gerrard 9626 (3 lines).
Tel.: "Buickgen, London."

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

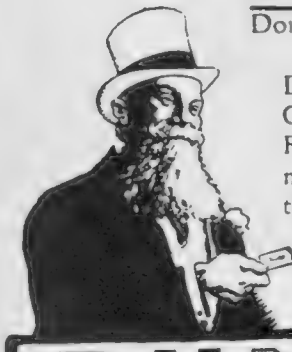
MY CARD ?

Certainly. Name, Dunlop. Business, Tyres.

No, I am not here to book orders, but to give advice.

Am I coming again? Regularly, I hope. This is just a preliminary visit.

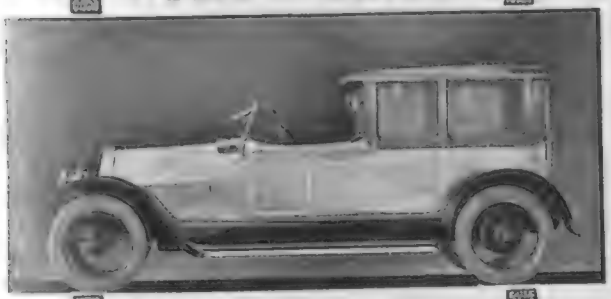
And, by the way, before I go, I would like to mention that should you be in a hurry for any information about tyres, you only have to write me to the Advice Bureau at Aston Cross. Don't forget. Good-day.



DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD., Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,
Aston Cross, Birmingham.
LONDON: 14, Regent Street, S.W.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

DUNLOP

ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH



THE highest stage so far attained by the engineer in his progress towards the perfection of the mechanically propelled vehicle And British at that.

20-30HP.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES

ELSWICK WORKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

London and Southern Counties

CHAS. JARROTT, Ltd., 30, SACKVILLE STREET, W.

Ladies learn to drive

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality
6. Licensed Employment Bureau FREE for all PUPILS who require same.

at the
British School of Motoring Limited

Call or Write B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Needs no filler.

For Writing Home

A filler is bound to get broken at the Front.

The Onoto needs no filler; it fills itself from any ink supply, and cleans the nib while filling.

The Onoto never leaks in any position. You send it out to your friend at the Front full of ink ready for immediate use.

The Military-size Onoto Pen is just the right size for a soldier's pocket.

Onoto THE Pen FROM 10/6

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

Make your War-time dishes appetizing.

Plain, inexpensive dishes, such as Cold Meat, Stews, Hashes, Cheese, &c., can be made pleasing and appetizing by the addition of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

Owing to the QUALITY and concentration of its ingredients, a little of this sauce goes a long way and it is therefore most ECONOMICAL in use.

Observe the Signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in White across the Red Label on every bottle.

The Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE

MRS. OLIVER LTD.

39 OLD BOND STREET, W Telephone: REGENT 3088.

WORN UP WORN DOWN

THE OLVA "GARDOCOM." (*Registered*)

A combined skirt and knickers made in workman's jean or other serviceable washing materials. Price 35/6. In Cravenette—Showerproof, 55/6

Sent on approval if required.

No Gift More Sweet

Zenobia Perfumes yield all the natural fragrance of the flowers at their best. No gift delights more truly than a dainty phial of Zenobia Perfume, none endorses more sweetly my lady's elegance and charm.

Here, for your choice, are the four Zenobia favourites, each without a peer of its kind:—

ZENOBIA Sweet Pea Blossom — **ZENOBIA** Night Scented Stock

Each sold at 2/9, 3/11, 6/9, & 11/6 per bottle.

ZENOBIA Lily of the Valley — **ZENOBIA** Eau de Cologne

Sold at 2/3, 3/11, 6/9, & 11/6 — Sold at 1/3, 2/6, & 5/-

ZENOBIA

TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores.

ZENOBIA, LTD.
(Dept. 29), Loughborough, LEICESTERSHIRE.

DRYAD CANE FURNITURE

Invalid Chairs & Hospital Furniture in cane work. Light, comfortable and strongly made Chairs, with adjustable backs and leg rests, Bed Tables, Bed Rests, Wheeled Chairs, Carrying Chairs, etc.

Every care and attention given to work for special requirements.

Dryad Cane Furniture can be washed without injury.

Book of designs free on application to Y dept. Dryad Works, Leicester.

Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Modes for Little Children

WHILE *La Mode* is seriously concerned in emphasising the strictly practical note where adult fashions are in question, considerably more licence is to be observed in her dealings with the smaller members of the community. Those in authoritative quarters are making a big feature of picturesque styles, both for little boys and girls, several fascinating adaptations, taken from the old masters, putting in a notable appearance, and nowhere in more alluring guise than in the admirably conducted children's outfitting department at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street.

Here there is to be found one of the most adorable little frocks ever evolved for the temptation of fastidious mothers, every detail of the scheme being carried out to perfection, as is clearly evidenced in the charming sketch made by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, and shown on this page.

Picturesque Models

Most appropriately designated the "Old English" frock, this sweet little model is carried out in ivory soft satin, with tucker and tiny frill to the quaint puff sleeve of fine net. The skirt hangs straight and free from the short-waisted bodice, and is of just sufficient length to show the frilly knickers that, together with the lace-trimmed petticoat and sandal shoes, play so important a part in the correct *ensemble*. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are also making this frock of taffeta in delicate shades of pink and blue, as well as ivory. For a child from two to three years, the price asked is 29*s.* 6*d.*, the first size knickers costing 8*s.* 6*d.* and the petticoat 15*s.* 9*d.*

PICTURESQUE STYLES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN'S WEAR
Sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, and fully described on this page

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are also making a big bid for success with their net and *ninon* party frocks for little girls. Very fine net arranged with a long-waisted bodice and short skirt, a mass of lace-hemmed flounces, is fascinating in the extreme, especially when mounted over an under-dress of pale pink or blue *ninon*, the colour picked up in a handsome sash of satin ribbon, a similar style also working out charmingly in ivory *ninon* with Japanese silk foundation. A sweet simplicity of expression characterises a dainty little frock of triple *ninon*, pink, blue, or ivory, the wee bodice cut in one with elbow length sleeves, trimmed Valenciennes lace and insertion, a lace-hemmed frill concluding the full gathered skirt.

An equally comprehensive range of choice is to be found in exclusive styles for little boys, by no means the least desirable being the ivory satin suit selected for illustration. This is just the type of garment for a child just emerging from the petticoat age, and yet still requiring a certain amount of baby dressing, a dainty finish being accorded the "gentlemanly" little tunic by collar, cuffs, and sash of *crêpe ninon*.

Indispensable Headgear

It is possible in these stern days to do without a smart visiting hat, occasions for its display being few and far between, but what every woman wants, and does her utmost to possess, is a good *velour* shape, that shall at one and the same time present a pleasing appearance, and yet see its wearer through all sorts of weather vicissitudes. Such being the case, it is of the very greatest interest to learn

(*Continued on page* xvi)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page xv)

that Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, have some quite exceptionally good new styles to offer in *velour* hats, one of their *salons* being given over exclusively to the display. The value offered at 12*s.* 11*d.* is absolutely unique, this modest sum sufficing to secure a model, untrimmed, of course, of adaptable character in a big range of colours, including such fashionable shades as wine and mole, together with a particularly alluring and immensely novel oyster-grey. And in a trice these delightful shapes can be rendered ready for use by the addition of one of Messrs. D. H. Evans's adjustable trimmings that are provided in various styles at a commencing price of 2*s.* 11*d.*

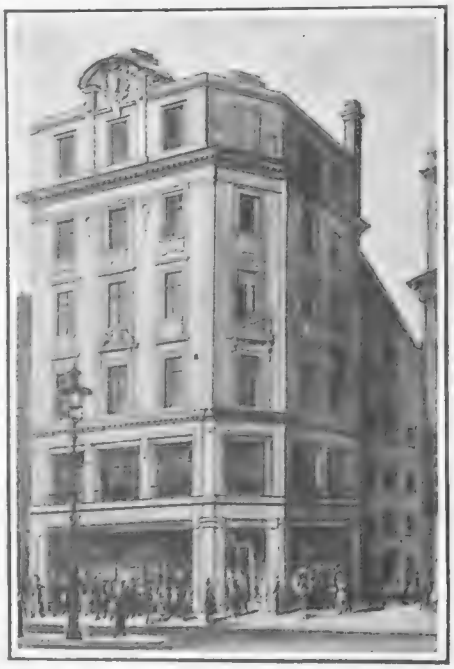
THE INDISPENSABLE VELOUR HAT

Of which Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, are making a special display in some exceptionally good and new styles

Another line of *velour* hats that is arresting universal attention will be found in some blocked shapes, among which a particularly becoming flat-brimmed sailor is creating quite a little furore on account of its charming character and moderate price, which stands at only 19*s.* 11*d.* But there are styles and shapes to suit one and all, while those who are early enough on the scenes will find amazing value in some trimmed *velour* hats at a guinea. As there are no two alike, a personal visit is imperative in order to secure one of these bargains, but in the case of the untrimmed models a letter stating size of head, colour, and shape required will be answered in the most satisfactory manner.

Mappin and Webb, 172, Regent Street

A considerable and justifiable amount of interest has been aroused by the opening of the new premises of Mappin and Webb in Regent Street. Their old establishment nearer Oxford Circus was a well-known feature, but the move was imperative. The new House, of which the adjacent picture shows the exterior, has been carried out with the most consummate taste. The ground floor *salon* is especially pleasing, effected in Louis Seize style, with bleached oak and carved dull gilt decorations, all very simple and quiet, a delightful frame to the rare and beautiful jewellery to which this *salon* is exclusively devoted. In the centre a gilt staircase, slightly spiral, with marble treads, leads down to a lower floor that is given up to silver ware. One particularly notable feature of this *salon* are the Grecian gilt grilles that artistically conceal the heating apparatus down either side the long windows. From here a lift carries one up to yet a third floor for fancy goods and the lighter class of silver. All congratulations to Mr. Joass, the architect responsible for this supremely fine and singularly artistic piece of architecture, and to Mappin and Webb for their enterprise in so developing their business.



MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S NEW PREMISES

At 172, Regent Street. A description of the interior is given in Mrs. May's notes

Footwear of Exclusive Character

There is no longer any question as to the curtailed length of skirts. These are now uncompromisingly short, wherefore has footwear become one of the most discussed details of the toilette, a fact that adds yet further importance to the latest venture of the enterprising house of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, who have recently opened a new department devoted to boots and shoes of exclusive character. Needless to say, the stock comprises only high-grade goods. The usual methods pursued here vouches for that, and yet the prices asked are of an exceedingly moderate order. Very smart in style, cut, and expression is a high lace boot, the leg either grey or white material, and fronts of soft patent leather, while a particularly elegant half shoe in *suède* or patent leather, has the toecap punched with a neat design that is effective in the extreme.

To Aid the Red Cross

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Miss Amy Hare's new and popular song "A Call to Arms." The composer's entire proceeds from the sales of this song will be devoted to the British Red Cross. Copies can be obtained from Miss Amy Hare, Willersey, Broadway, Worcestershire.

"Control" as the Basis of Fitness

As its name implies, Control—of body, nerves, and mind—is the fundamental principle of the treatment of the Control Institute,

(Continued on page xviii)

Shoolbred's

Knitted Coats

Stocked in Wool
12/9 to **59/6**

In Artificial Silk
16/9 to **63/-**

U143 (*as illustration*). *Soft Cashmere Wool Coat, extra length, Skirt slightly full. Roll-over Collar and Sash.*

59/6

Similar Style in Artificial Silk, **39/6**

TOTTENHAM CT. RD., LONDON

Furs are dear now, but—

it costs no more for cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way" than before the War. This method of cleaning Furs is very *thorough* without being expensive.

It includes the cleaning of the *skin* and the *lining* as well as the Fur itself and absolutely and entirely destroys all insect pests. It restores the "silkiness" and gloss which give such a charm to good Furs, and acts as a preservative. Furs can also be dyed very successfully by our improved processes. Write for estimates and advice.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

C179

FICOLAX

is no artificial mixture of mineral purgatives, but entirely a preparation of fruit and vegetables —Nature's own remedy for the removal of constipation, with all its attendant evils. FI-CO-LAX is most pleasant to the taste, and though sure is quite gentle in its action, causing no griping pains and no inconvenience. A small and regular dose of Ficolax will prevent any waste matter remaining in the system and secure the right action of the liver and stomach.

Ficolax
The Original Fruit Laxative

Ficolax being highly concentrated, is far more economical than other so-called Fruit Laxatives.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, **1/3**
Family size, **3 -**

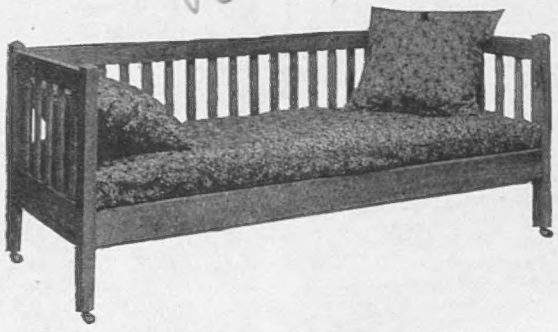
THE FICOLAX CO., Grah m Street, London, N.

FASHIONS' FANCIES (concluded from page xvi)

of 20, Sidney Avenue, Wood Green, N., which is concerned not only with the curing of the ills that the flesh is heir to without medicine or surgery, but also with promoting the efficiency, both mental and physical, of normally healthy persons. The treatment consists of a course of seven lessons which are explained in a series of booklets, three or more for each lesson, and the course is designed to cover a period of about six months. The fee is 5 guineas, which includes individual attention to the student's requirements and special instructions to suit his personal needs, but where special treatment is required for dealing with special disorders a higher fee is charged. Further insight into the methods of the Institute and the principles which underlie its training may be gained by writing to the above address.

Practical Furniture at Messrs. Heal and Sons

On this page are reproduced two photographs of some special designs in furniture which Messrs. Heal and Son, Ltd., of Tottenham Court Road, have just produced to meet the needs of the times. The plain oak dresser is 5ft. long, and has a novel and decorative feature in the blue and white chequered curtains, which when drawn, besides giving a quaint bit of colour, answer the useful purpose of keeping dust from the china. There are two drawers and two good roomy cupboards below. The cost complete with hangings is £11. The other piece is a settle-bedstead. Just now, when to meet all sorts of emergencies an extra bed is so often wanted, this forms a picturesque and practical solution. The settle is 2ft. 3in. by 6ft. of oak, and is fitted with a spring mattress—above this is a good hair mattress and two large feather pillows—all made with loose washing covers of a serviceable cretonne. The cost, including the hair mattress, the two pillows, and the cretonne covers, is only £7.



TWO PRACTICAL FURNITURE DESIGNS

Oak dresser and settle-bedstead, at Messrs. Heal and Sons, Tottenham Court Road, of which a description is given on this page

A Week-End in Wales

The management of the Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, have arranged a special week-end entertainment for visitors staying at the hotel on November 19, 20, and 21, including a whist drive, a dance, and a concert at which several well-known artistes will appear.

Earlier Shopping

Owing to the darkened conditions of the streets Harrods have decided to close at 5 p.m. In arriving at this decision the directors have taken into consideration the convenience and safety of the public and of their assistants with a view to enabling them to reach their homes at an earlier hour, and to affording as much assistance to the authorities as possible in getting all lights extinguished They hope the public will support the new movement by shopping earlier.

Send him Soap—

No matter if your soldier friend is fighting in FLANDERS or at the DARDANELLES send him a BOX OF

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Q.M.S. BENTLEY, *Headquarters Staff, 17th Division, B.E.F., writes:* "Please send some WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, as it is only through its frequent use that I am immune from mosquito bites."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

"After You with the Soap"

Extract from a letter received from the front:—"Just a line to let you know I received one of Queen Alexandra's parcels, which came very acceptable, especially the small tablet of soap, as we cannot get any on the Peninsula for love or money.

You should ha e seen the boys following me down for a wash. They were all shouting, 'After you with a rub of the soap,' so I can tell you I never had much left by the time they were all finished."

Box of Three Tablets 1/-

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,

ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

High-class, Second-hand and Antique

FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS.

To the Value of over £500,000.

Re Lady DORCHESTER (Deceased).
Lady HARRIS (Deceased).
Sir PATTERSON NICKALLS (Deceased).
Sir GEORGE GROVE, C.B. (Deceased).

Together with the FURNITURE and EFFECTS removed from the LONDON MASONIC CLUB, of St. James's St., S.W.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from £3 15s.; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from 37s. 6d.; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from 6gs.; well made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, £3 17s. 6d.; solid oak bedsteads to match; handsome china toilet services, from 3s. 6d.; large bedroom and other carpets, from 7s. 6d.; well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at 5gs.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13gs.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, 12gs.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to 175gs.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, £7 15s.; a magnificent instrument by Philip Dudley, £12 15s.; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, £25 equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; four oak American roll-top desks, at £3 17s. 6d. Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, 42s; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid overmantel, 30s.; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.; two armchairs to match, at 30s.; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15gs.

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc. white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12gs. complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new, £200, cost £1,200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new, £135. Great Bargain.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE (mention "Bystander"), ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT POST FREE.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.,

(By Royal Appointment),

48-50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

The following Number Motor 'Buses pass Park Street, Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43A, and 30. Cab fares refunded to all purchasers. 'Phone: 3472 North.

Business Hours: Open every day 9 till 9. Established over Half a Century.

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix Gold Medals. International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have **NO WEST END** Branches, neither are we connected with **ANY OTHER** depositories. Our **ONLY ADDRESS** is as above.

L. LEWIS, Manager.

LACE-TRIMMED
BLOUSES

Owing to the fact that so many ladies are now abstaining from dressing in the Evening, a very marked demand has arisen for Lace Trimmed Blouses similar in character to the garment illustrated, which are admirably suited for dinner wear.

HAND-MADE BLOUSE

in fine Crêpe de Chine, with insertion of cream lace, finished at points with hand-embroidery, and seams let in with hand-veining; high soft collar, finished with black ribbon tie, falling gracefully over frilled lace edging. In white, champagne, shell pink and sky.

29/6

Exceptional Value.

Debenham & Freebody

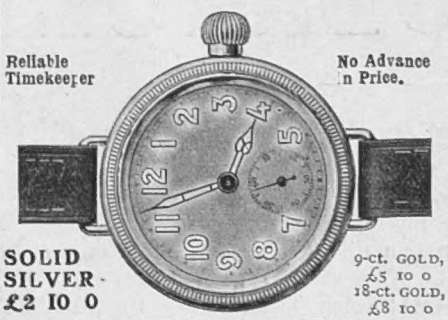
Wigmore Street. London.w

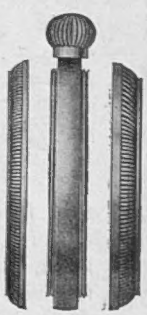
Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Reliable Timekeeper

No Advance in Price.





SOLID SILVER £2 10 0

9-ct. GOLD, £5 10 0
18-ct. GOLD, £8 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED *"CAMPAIGN"* WRISTLET WATCH.
Luminous Figures and Hands.

Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

The Safe and Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to natural beauty.
Red Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.
ADVICE FREE. Write for Free Booklet

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented.
From **5/6.**

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY · RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION ·

Electrolysis

permanently removes superfluous Hair.

"DANA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call

ADAIR

- - GANESH - -
ESTABLISHMENT.

92, NEW BOND ST.
(Oxford St. End),
LONDON, W.
'Phone: Gerrard 3782.
Paris and New York

The Menu: Winter Soups

Economical Stock

EXCELLENT and economical stock can be made with the bones and trimmings of meat, poultry, and game. If, however, a good shin bone (cut into small pieces by the butcher) is bought weekly, placed in the stock-pot and allowed to boil until all goodness is extracted, there will always be a basis for making good soups, sauces, or purées. To this may be added the bones from beef, mutton, or poultry. They must be covered with cold water, in a pan without a lid, and brought to the boil. All scum must be skimmed off as it rises, and when that has gone two small leeks, two onions, one turnip, two carrots, and six peppercorns should be added. A bouquet of herbs for flavouring, a little mace and celery salt will complete the necessary ingredients. The stock should simmer for four or five hours and then be strained into a basin and left till next day.

White Soup

This is easily and quickly made, and very delicious. Soak two tablespoonfuls of sago in a little water. Then put into a saucepan a quart of milk, a pint of water, a small onion cut into shreds, and two mashed potatoes. Bring these ingredients to the boil; then add the sago, 1 oz. of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a sprinkling of white pepper, and simmer for a couple of hours. Serve fried dice of bread with the soup.

Mulligatawny Soup

Cut 1 lb. scrag end of neck of mutton or other inexpensive parts of meat into small pieces, free from superfluous fat. Fry these in 2 oz. of butter or dripping till nicely browned, sprinkle in 1½ oz. of flour, and continue to fry for a few minutes longer, with one tablespoonful of curry powder. In another pan fry one sliced onion and one small head of celery, cut up small, drain, and put with the above. Mix well, and add three and a half pints of stock or water. Stir till it boils, then skim and cook slowly for one and a half to two hours. Strain, and rub some of the cooked meat through a sieve. Re-heat and season to taste, and add one tablespoonful of chopped mango-chutney and a little lemon-juice a few minutes before serving. This will give the soup an exquisite flavour. Serve with plain boiled and well-dried rice.

Thick Ox-Tail Soup

This soup makes an excellent luncheon on a cold day. Cut an ox-tail into pieces at each joint. Wash well in cold water, and put into a stew-pan with two quarts of water, two onions, two carrots, two turnips, salt, pepper, two cloves, and some herbs tied in a muslin bag. Bring it to the boil and simmer for three hours. Take out the meat, strain, and stand until next day. Then skim off the fat, put into a stewpan 1 oz. of butter, stir smoothly into it 1 oz. of flour, and gradually add the soup, stir until it boils, then put in the pieces of ox-tail, add a glass of sherry, and it will be ready to serve.

A Delicious and Cheap Soup

Soak 1 lb. of haricot beans overnight in water. The next morning drain them, and put into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water. Add one carrot, one turnip, and two small onions, all cut up small. Simmer slowly for three hours. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a bouquet of herbs. Put 1 oz. of butter or beef dripping into a saucepan with 1 oz. of flour. Stir until light brown. Then strain the soup through a wire sieve and rub the beans and vegetables through with a wooden spoon and add to the browned flour in the saucepan to get hot. Stir in a little finely chopped parsley, and serve with bread which has been baked crisp in the oven. This is an excellent soup for children—and very nourishing.

EMILIA

No more facial eczema

Are you suffering from Eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, the one thing in the world you want to know is how to get rid of your trouble. To do this you must use Antexema. In thousands of cases Antexema has made a thorough cure after all other treatments, doctors, and specialists had absolutely failed. Convince yourself of the extraordinary value of Antexema by giving it an immediate trial. The instant relief gained followed by a rapid cure proves it is a marvellous skin remedy.

Get Antexema To-day

Pimples, bad legs, bad hands, cracked or chafed skin, eczema, baby rashes, skin irritation, and all other skin ailments are completely and permanently cured by this miraculous British skin remedy, which has behind it a thirty years' record of success.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrows' at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct post free, in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

No more Ugly Ears

Get the Claxton Ear-Cap, and let your child wear it in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will quickly be corrected. It prevents tangling of the hair during sleep and promotes breathing through the nose. Easy and comfortable in wear, and exceedingly effective. It is the original appliance, and is constructed on hygienic principles. The

CLAXTON EAR-CAP

gently moulds the cartilages while soft and pliable. Made in rose pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to B. Claxton, Castie Laboratory, London, N.W., and enclose remittance of 4s. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, John Barnes & Co., Ltd., Garrould's, Woolland Bros., and other ladies' outfitters.

FRAZERS

Is your blood pure and skin healthy? Are you constipated, headachy and out-of-sorts? If so, get Frazer's Tablets. Cure rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, and regulate the system. Pleasant to take. Children like them. Of all chemists, 1/3 including Government stamp. Frazer's Tablets, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

TABLETS